



*The American Normal Readers*

May Louise Harvey



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"HELP, LORD, OR I PERISH"



# THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS

BY  
MAY LOUISE HARVEY

## FIFTH BOOK

(REVIEWED AND APPROVED)



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY  
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The  
**American Normal Readers**  
by  
**MAY LOUISE HARVEY**

<b>First Book</b>	For first year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 144 pp.
<b>Second Book</b>	For second year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 168 pp.
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## TO THE TEACHERS

*Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we cannot find rest until we find it in Thee.* — ST. AUGUSTINE.

THESE familiar words, which show the purpose of our creation and the true goal of life, also point to the end and aim of all sound education. Education is complete and ideal only as it trains and develops the whole being in the manner intended by the Creator. True education will embrace instruction and guidance in Religion, Science, History, Literature and Art, for these represent the child's entire nature and so cover the full range of his possibilities.

In securing for the child this symmetrical development, Reading is a most potent factor. It supplies the correlative material which the Christian teacher needs to reënforce and supplement her regular instruction in all departments. In the preparation of this book the utmost care has been taken to select from the world's best literature interesting and well-graded reading matter bearing upon the five great subjects of study. The classification of the selections and the purpose of each will readily be understood by the teacher.

The literary form that especially appeals to the child is the story, a narration of fact in which is portrayed a great character whom he can admire and imitate, a story of imagination, of travel or of life with which he is familiar. The choice of the story is a serious matter, for its power is almost unlimited, and the impression made well-nigh ineffaceable.

There should be an occasional story of fancy. We need more than a knowledge of facts, however important they may be. Imagination, the ability to see in the mind that which is invisible to the eye, must be cultivated.

No faculty of the mind is more useful in everyday life than this. The civil engineer, the architect, the shipbuilder, must first form the structure in his mind, the sculptor must in imagination see the statue, the painter must see the picture, before any work with hammer, chisel or brush is attempted; the composer must hear wonder-



ful melodies in his soul before the instrument is touched; and the inventor must wonder and dream and fancy before the invention is begun.

Even the scientist is very dependent upon his ability to make mental pictures. It is said that when Agassiz started for the South to study the structure of the Florida Reefs, he took with him a copy of Shakespeare's "Tempest," so that by reading it his imagination might be stirred to suggest all possible explanations of reef formation.

Imagination is indeed well worth cultivating, and the means of cultivation most natural for a child is the reading of mythical stories which are an expression of the childhood of the race and the rightful heritage of every child. They bring beautiful thoughts and poetic fancies, and they also teach many a sound lesson of justice, faithfulness and patriotism.

Another form of literature which bestows both pleasure and profit is the poem. In its very nature it is more difficult for a child than prose. The old familiar order of words is changed, and the words themselves are often very unlike those of his everyday speech. With poems therefore, even more than with prose, the child needs explanation and guidance from the teacher. Poetry appeals to the ear rather than to the eye, so if you would have children love poetry, read it to them and show by your reading that you love it yourself. "Lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy voice," for the pupils will thus gain the pleasure of poetic thought and the added enjoyment of melody and rhythm.

In the study of reading and in creating a taste for the best in literature, the interest and enthusiasm of the teacher herself will be contagious. Like the general of an army she must be filled with the spirit which she wishes to inspire in her followers; otherwise she cannot expect to lead them to victory. Pupils in this grade are old enough to begin to share the teacher's pleasure in the various forms of writing. A clear, direct narrative, a vivid description or a natural, spirited conversation if pointed out to children will often make a deep impression upon them. To arouse their interest in finding such bits of treasure will vitalize their present and future reading.

The educational value of choice pictures also can hardly be over-



estimated. Masterpieces of great artists have been here introduced and drawings illustrative of the text which will, it is hoped, prove not only interesting but truly instructive.

Phonetic exercises should be used frequently to secure distinct articulation, clear enunciation and a pleasing quality of voice; and careful attention should be given to pauses, inflection, emphasis and force. Definite mechanical rules for these, however, are useless. They should be the outcome of a full appreciation of the thought and the feeling of the writer. Good oral reading can result only from comprehension of what is read, and from such sympathy with it that the reader, while conveying the thought of the author, seems to be expressing his own thoughts and feelings upon the subject.

If this book should prove to be a source of pleasure to the children and a help to the teachers in leading their pupils to think of those things which are true, of those things which are just and of those things which are lovely, then the purpose of the book and the dearest wish of the author will be fulfilled.

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# FIFTH BOOK

## WE HONOR OUR COUNTRY

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land?"

WALTER SCOTT



WE cannot honor our country with a reverence too deep ; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent.

And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of lake and ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in verdant corn, her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of cotton, in the rich plantations of rustling cane, and in the golden robes of rice-fields.

These are but groups of sister states loyally bound together into one large united country.

GRIMKE



## OUR COUNTRY

Such is the patriot's boast where'er he roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ON no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished than on our own land. Her mighty lakes like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains with their bright ærial tints; her valleys teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine — no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

WASHINGTON IRVING

## SEPTEMBER

SWEET is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
And soft the breezes blow,  
And eddying come and go,  
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn,  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places;



And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
Across the garden wall,  
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning ;  
And pearly vapors lie  
Along the eastern sky,  
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees  
Search for the honey-lees  
That linger in the last flowers of September ;  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,  
"O fairest Summer, stay !"  
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning ;  
The wild fowl fly afar  
Above the foamy bar,  
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

GEORGE ARNOLD





(14)

THE GRIZZLY GIANT



## A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE

## The Big Trees



ALL day long we have been traveling on up into the mountains, the Sierra Nevada, from the railway station at Merced. With many twists and bends the road climbs the wooded foothills, and at length as the sunset hour draws near we reach the last stage for the day. The coach draws up at a long low wooden building with a veranda running its entire length. Opening on this veranda are tiny bedrooms.

The next morning the coach carried its heavy load deeper into the mountains, and before midday we came to another resting point seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here ponies were in waiting, and those of the passengers who wished to visit the Big Trees that day set out for a farther six miles through the thick woods.

This Californian forest reaches here its most magnificent proportions. At an elevation varying from six to nine thousand feet, these mighty monarchs of the woodland have sat throned for thousands of years. Not only are there the giants, the "Big Trees," but far and near splendid pines, almost as gigantic, shadow the rolling sides of these beautiful Sierras.

High above, between the far-reaching tree tops, glimpses of bluest sky are to be seen, while below, the horses' knees brush away the blossoms of the azalea that cluster thickly along



the pathway. Under these hoary giants that have stood since Rome was founded grows some tender fern of last week's shower, blooms some bright flower whose life is but a summer. There is no dust here; neither is there gloom — all is freshness, sense of health, sense of the ever recurring life of nature.

The place seemed like a vast cathedral, dim vistas of arches and pillars stretching before us, the blue vault of heaven over our heads, a carpet of green beneath our feet, and the afternoon sunlight glowing through the trees like the soft tones of colored windows.

On beneath the giant trees the ponies amble in single file, and at last there is seen a little way ahead a dark russet tree trunk of girth surpassing anything we have yet come to. Assuredly a big tree, but is it one of the "Big Trees," the Sequoias? Yes, it is the first of the Big Trees, and others are seen at short intervals. These giants are the largest and the oldest trees in the world. Special names have been given to many of them. One, which is said to be the largest, is called "General Grant"; another ninety feet around, two feet above the ground, is called "Grizzly Giant." One, thirty feet in diameter, has a carriage road through its trunk, and the stump of another, twenty-four feet in diameter, forms a dancing floor. One immense tree has been hollowed by fire to the very top and through this tall, dark funnel the stars may clearly be seen at midday.

But the age of these patriarchs is more remarkable even than their size. They are the oldest living things on the



earth, some of them having lived, it is said, more than four thousand years. Splendid trees are still standing here, strong and vigorous, which had been growing many years when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt.

### The Giant Cliffs

Back to the comfortable hotel we go for food and rest, and away again on horseback early next morning for the Yosemite Valley. Three hours' easy riding brings us to another resting place, a little shanty where welcome food awaits man and beast.

All around is pine forest, no dense gloomy labyrinthine wood, but a forest of stately trees growing at intervals. Innumerable brooks and streams fill deep pools amid the rocks, then leap over great boulders of granite, catching the sunbeams that come slanting through the tree tops.

Here and there are beds of white and blue violets, thickets of roses, lilies, also, and larkspurs, which in these wild-flower gardens grow to a height of eight or ten feet. The air is filled with the sweet fragrance of flowers and of pine, with the fresh spicy odors of summer Sierras eight thousand feet above the sea.

As we ride along in the early summer afternoon through the undulating forest, suddenly there bursts upon us a sight unlike anything we have ever seen, unlike anything we are ever likely to see until fate again turns our steps toward the Valley of the Yosemite.

If the ground had suddenly opened before our ponies'



heads, the change could not have been more abrupt. All at once the trees in front vanish, the earth dips down into an abyss, and in a blaze of noonday light we find ourselves grouped upon a bare rock, which, projecting out into space, has beneath it at one sweep of the eye the whole Yosemite.

This rock has been named "Inspiration Point," but a more fitting title would be "The Rock of Silence." For as the grandeur and beauty of the scene meets our eyes, we are filled with wonder and awe, and our lips are hushed into silence.

Standing on this rock and looking toward the northeast, the traveler sees a deep chasm or rent like hollow extending a distance of eight miles, between nearly perpendicular rocks so high that here the lofty trees below look like waving ferns.

This chasm is formed not by mountains, but by single rocks. Right in front as we look across the chasm, there stands a mighty rock, a single front of solid granite. The top of this rock lies nearly level with the top of the rock on which the observer stands; the base rests amid green grass and dark pines far below. From base to summit, it is thirty-one hundred feet. This is the "Chief of the Valley" of the Indians, "*El Capitan*" of the White Man.

Looking up along the line of the southern rim, the great "Half Dome" is seen. Six thousand feet it towers above the valley. The "Cap of Liberty" is another of these wonderful single rocks. From the Nevada Fall it rises to the height of four thousand six hundred feet, smooth, seamless, and glistening.





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**EL CAPITAN**

(19)



But it is time to begin our descent into the valley. It is a continuous zigzag. The ponies know it well, and the sure-footed beasts go steadily down. We are now on the level ground again, and push out from the base of the cliff into the more open meadow land.

The evening is coming on. We hurry along a level sandy track; around us are pine trees, flowers, and ever recurring glimpses of rills, clear, green, sparkling; a noise of falling water fills the air; the sunlight is streaming across the valley high above our heads. We are in the shadow as we ride; but it is not sun nor shadow, pine tree nor azalea blossom, stream nor waterfall on which our eyes are riveted; it is the rocks. Cathedral, Sentinel, The Three Brothers, *El Capitan*, Domes, Ramparts, call them what you will, they rise around us clear cut against the blue Californian sky, filling the earth and heaven with the mystery of their grandeur.

### The Waterfalls

Those mighty rocks are indeed grand and awe-inspiring, but the most beautiful feature of the Yosemite is its waterfalls.

When that first party of explorers returned to tell the settlers at Mariposa of the wonderful valley which they had discovered, they spoke of a waterfall one thousand feet in height. In reality, the Yosemite cataract is nearly twenty-five hundred feet high, more than twice as high as Niagara, and is the highest waterfall in the world.

It is a powerful stream, the Merced River, thirty-five feet



broad that makes this plunge from the brow of the awful precipice. At the first leap, it clears fourteen hundred and ninety-seven feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways four hundred and two feet, and then makes a jump to the meadows, five hundred and eighteen feet more.

But it is the uppermost and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye and most musical to the ear. The cliff is so sheer that there is no break in the body of water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. From the summit it pours down nearly fifteen hundred feet to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades below.

The cataract is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice, but widens as it descends and curves a little on one side so that before it reaches its first bowl of granite, it shapes itself into the figure of a comet. More beautiful than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself and ever pour itself away.

"The Bridal Veil," called by the Red Man "The Spirit of the Evil Wind," is another marvelous waterfall. It casts its waters from a smooth ledge into a bouquet of pine tree tops nine hundred and forty feet below. Another beautiful cascade is the "Vernal," the "Wild Water" of the Indians. You forget the Bridal Veil in the new loveliness of this broad sheet of water which in most exquisite curve drops three hundred and fifty feet.

We ride on now higher up and all at once are face to face with the Nevada Fall. Close beside it, steep as the face of a



wall, rises the Cap of Liberty, a single solid rock, thirty-eight hundred feet above the edge of the fall. Can we put before the reader even a faint idea of the scene?



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

From a sheer, clean, seamless rock seven hundred feet above the spectator's head, a great body of water leaps out into space. As soon as it has taken the spring, innumerable jets of snowy spray like bouquets of white lilies are cast forward from the mass, lengthening out as they quicken their descent into rockets of crystal.

This wonderful fall has many companions. There are few places in the entire valley from which the eye cannot discern the sheen of water falling perpendicularly great distances, no place in which the ear does

not catch the roar or the murmur of cataract or rill; and the



music of these waterfalls is one of the charms of the Yosemite. Truly the Valley of the Yosemite is a marvelous place — one of the greatest wonders<sup>1</sup> of American natural scenery.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER (*Adapted*)

## A FABLE



THE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little prig;"  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year,  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry:  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track.  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

<sup>1</sup> The four greatest wonders of nature in America are the Yellowstone National Park, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, Niagara Falls and the Yosemite Valley.



## THE GREAT SCHOLAR

THERE was once a little boy named Leon who was always at the head of his class at school. In every competition of scholarship, he was sure to gain the prize — the arithmetic prize, the geography prize, the grammar prize, the history prize. On examination days he would go home with a great pile of books under his arm and so many badges and bouquets about him that you could hardly see the boy himself. He seemed quite like a conquering hero with laurel wreaths upon his head, or like a victorious general returning from the wars.

Prize competitions were very good things for the other children, for they encouraged them to do their best. But unfortunately Leon soon began to consider himself a great scholar, and to be very vain and proud of his successes at school; and this brought him into much trouble, as you shall straightway see.

There was a little girl named Rose living in the neighborhood who often played with Leon, and many a happy hour they spent at their games and their books. Rose could not learn so easily and quickly as Leon, though she studied very hard; but nevertheless she was a sweet winsome little child, gentle and loving to every one, and always obedient to her parents. And every night before she went to sleep she prayed with all her heart that God would make her wise and good.

However, the "great scholar" began to look down on dear little Rose and to give himself fine airs of superiority. One



day when she came in great delight to show him a picture book which her godmother had given her, he was so haughty and disagreeable that the poor child was almost ready to cry.

"Yes, Rose," said he, "I will look at your pictures, but really I ought not to associate with you any more, for I am a very much better scholar than you are. I can change a common fraction to a decimal and you cannot, can you?"

"No, of course I can't," said Rose, laughing. "You know that I am just going to begin Division."

"Well, do you know the difference between an independent proposition and a dependent proposition?"

"No, our teacher explained that the other day but I didn't quite understand and I have forgotten."

"You shouldn't forget. But you can at least tell me the names of the states in the valley of the Mississippi."

Rose was silent. Her geographical knowledge did not yet extend to the valley of the Mississippi.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed at last, "what is the matter with you to-day? We are not in school. Don't talk about studies, but come and see my picture book. It is full of beautiful stories."

"No," answered Leon haughtily. "I don't think I can play with you any more, for as you yourself must acknowledge, I am far superior to you."

Then poor little Rose began to weep bitterly. She loved her playmate dearly, and it certainly is hard to lose a friend on account of the independent proposition or the valley of the Mississippi. She was still looking imploringly at him



through her tears when her godmother suddenly entered the room.

This old lady was greatly respected by every one, and was much loved and esteemed by all who really knew her. There were, however, some vain and foolish people who did not seem to care for her acquaintance, and this would at first seem strange, but when I tell you her name you will not be surprised. She was called Lady Modesty.

Dear Lady Modesty, though so gentle and quiet, was now very indignant to see her favorite godchild in tears, and she resolved to punish the proud and silly boy.

"And so, my dear little Rose," she began, "you are very ignorant, are you? Well, can you tell me what we must do to lead a good life?"

"Oh, godmother, yes indeed. We must obey God and be kind — like Him — to every one."

"That is knowing something, but not enough, I suppose, to make you a fit companion for Leon. Come with me, sir," said she, turning to the boy. "You know too much to associate with boys and girls. You should be in the company of scholars and authors."

The good lady was seldom as sarcastic as that, but as you can readily see, she had reason to feel much annoyed.

Hardly had she finished speaking, when to Leon's great surprise he found himself transported with the old lady to a great observatory, where a man of imposing appearance sat busily writing. There were piles of manuscript before him, and near by a telescope and many instruments and





LADY MODESTY AND LEON VISIT THE GREAT ASTRONOMER

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appliances, of which Leon had not the least knowledge. He looked about him in wonder.

This man was really a great scholar. He had taken the measure of the earth, a task much more difficult than a sum in fractions. By the use of curious instruments, he could trace the course of the heavenly bodies through the boundless space that surrounds us, and he could calculate how many years it would take for light which travels one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second to reach us from the stars.

This learned man was very well acquainted with Modesty. He rose respectfully as she entered and bowing courteously, came forward to meet her.

"Good morning, master," said she. "Here is a scholar who desires to talk with you upon Astronomy."

"Indeed, a scholar at your age!" exclaimed the great man, giving his hand to the little boy. "I congratulate you, sir. It is wonderful. Come to the telescope and let us look for the comet which will be visible this month after an absence of seventy-five years."

To look for comets was rather beyond Leon who was still at work on decimals. He blushed, and dropped his head in shame and confusion.

"Well, let us talk of optics or acoustics if you prefer," said the master.

The poor humbled child could hardly restrain his tears. Finally he said hesitatingly that he knew nothing about those things, but that he could change a common fraction to a decimal.



At this the learned man looked at Modesty in some surprise, and was about to ask why she had brought this kind of scholar to him, but she hastened to speak. "Master," said she, "I know a little girl who says that to lead a good life we must obey God and be kind — like Him — to every one. Do you know anything more important than that?"

"God forbid that I should think so, Madam," he replied. "If the dear child has learned that great truth she has learned the most important thing to know."

"Come, Leon," said Lady Modesty, "shall we go back to school now?" and very quietly the boy put his hand in hers and followed her.

*From the French of JEAN MACÉ*

## DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

LONG as thine art shall love true love,  
Long as thy science truth shall know,  
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,  
Long as thy law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy god is God above,  
Thy brother every man below,  
So long, dear land of all my love,  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

SIDNEY LANIER



## GEMS OF THOUGHT

WHEN I think of all the truth which still remains for me to learn, of all the good I yet may do, of all the friends I still may serve, of all the beauty I may see, life seems very fresh and fair and full of promise.

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When we have learned to love work, to love honest work, work well done, excellently well done, we have within ourselves the most fruitful principle of education.

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To do well it is necessary to believe in the worth of what we do. The power which upholds and leads us on is faith — faith in God, in ourselves, in education, in life.

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To be God's workman, to strive, to endure, to labor, even to the end, for truth and righteousness: this is life.

---

He who makes himself the *best* man is the most *successful* man, while he who gains most money or notoriety may fail utterly as a *man*.

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Think not with complacency upon anything you have, or have achieved, but address yourself each day like a simple-hearted child to the task God sets you; and remember, when the last hour comes, you can carry nothing to Him but faith in His mercy and goodness.

BISHOP SPAULDING





## MINE HOST OF THE GOLDEN APPLE

A GOODLY host one day was mine,  
A Golden Apple his only sign,  
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree ;  
He gave me shelter and nourished me  
With the best of fare all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,  
To his leafy inn and sipped the dew,  
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed  
Of moss, and my host benignly spread  
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be  
He shook his broad boughs cheerily : —  
A blessing be thine green Apple Tree !

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND  
(Translation of Thomas Westwood)



## THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown ;  
 "Shall I take them away ?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone  
 Till the blossoms have grown,"  
 Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung ;  
 "Shall I take them away ?" said the Wind as he swung.

"No, leave them alone  
 Till the berries have grown,"  
 Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow ;  
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now ?"

"Yes, all thou canst see ;  
 Take them : all are for thee,"  
 Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

*BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON*

## BIRDS IN SUMMER



HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Flitting about in each leafy tree ;  
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,  
 With its airy chambers light and boon,  
 That open to sun and stars and moon ;  
 That open to the bright blue sky,  
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.



They have left their nests on the forest bough ;  
Those homes of delight they need not now ;  
And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about ;  
And hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other in love they call !  
“Come up ! come up !” they seem to say,  
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

“Come up ! come up ! for the world is fair  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air.”  
And the birds below give back the cry,  
“We come, we come to the branches high.”  
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,  
Living in love in a leafy tree !  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And to look on the green, bright earth below !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn !  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space ;

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud ;  
To sing in the thunder halls aloud ;



To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight  
With the upper cloud winds — oh, what delight !  
Oh, what would I give like a bird, to go  
Right on through the arch of a sunlit bow,  
And see how the water drops are kissed  
Into green and yellow and amethyst !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth there to flee ;  
To go when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;  
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,  
Above and below and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees ;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladdened some fairy region old !  
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

MARY HOWITT



## AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

"In good old Colony times  
When we lived under the king."

NOW imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

Next look at the master's big armchair! It is placed in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt without being too intensely hot. The old schoolmaster is stately and dignified, and



somewhat severe in aspect. . . . What boy would dare to play or whisper or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent over sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be!

One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life perfumed with asafetida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and in his declining age shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third — and he is the master's favorite — shall be a school-





AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

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master himself and a worthy successor to the one who now rules with an iron hand.

But, as they are merely schoolboys at present, their business is to construe Virgil. Poor Virgil! whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been misparsed and misinterpreted by so many generations of idle schoolboys. There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shopkeepers and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, spices and coffee. Others will stand behind counters and measure tape and ribbon and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoe-making. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active skillful hands and clear sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table well, good Master Cheever, and whip them soundly when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters,



Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Ah, he has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial — the sentence quickly passed — and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what an uproar the youngsters make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of two hundred years. There, go to your seats, poor boys.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever. The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but — fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what a joyous shout! What a scampering and trampling of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.



Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow.

Now the master has set everything to rights and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom that when he has a holiday he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands his old chair vacant and solitary till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

## TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when earth was young;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.  
And he sang — "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,



And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,  
As the crown of his desire.  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurrah for the smith ! Hurrah for the fire !  
And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun ;  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done.  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind ;  
And land was red with the blood they shed  
In their lust for carnage, blind.  
And he said — "Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smoldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,



And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang — "Hurrah for my handiwork !"  
As the red sparks lit the air ;  
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,  
As he fashioned the First Plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
And plowed the willing lands ;  
And sang — "Hurrah for Tubal Cain !  
Our stanch good friend is he.  
And for the Plowshare and the Plow  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while Oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the Plow,  
We'll not forget the Sword !"

CHARLES MACKAY

## VICTORY

THEY only the victory win,  
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the  
demon that tempts us within ;  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the  
world holds on high ;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need be,  
to die.

WILLIAM W. STORY



## THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn !  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.





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IN THE CORN FIELD



And now with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come ;  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo<sup>1</sup> showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod ;  
Still let us for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

<sup>1</sup> Apollo, the Grecian god of the sun. The reference is to the story that he covered the isle of Delos, his native place, with flowers of gold.



## SOME PICTURES IN LAWRENCE'S ALBUM

ON the evening of Thanksgiving Day, Grandfather was walking to and fro across the carpet, listening to the rain which beat hard against the curtained windows. The riotous blast shook the casement, as if a strong man were striving to force his entrance into the comfortable room. With every puff of the wind the fire leaped upward from the hearth, laughing and rejoicing at the shrieks of the storm.

Grandfather's chair stood in its customary place by the fireside. The bright blaze gleamed upon the fantastic figures of its oaken back, and shone through the openwork so that a complete pattern was thrown upon the opposite side of the room. Sometimes for a moment or two the shadow remained immovable, as if it were painted on the wall. Then all at once it began to quiver and leap and dance with a frisky motion.

"Only see how Grandfather's chair is dancing," cried little Alice.

And she ran to the wall and tried to catch hold of the flickering shadow, for to little children a shadow seems almost as real as a substance.

The children had been joyous all through that day of festivity, mingling together in all kinds of play, so that the house had echoed with their airy mirth. Now, somewhat tired with their wild sport, they came and stood in a semi-circle around Grandfather's chair, eager for the quiet enjoyment of a story.



As for Cousin Lawrence, he was very much engaged in looking over a volume of engraved portraits of eminent and famous people of all countries, which Grandfather had just given him. Among them he found several who he knew were noted men in the early history of our own country, and he tried in imagination to call up these great characters and place them like living figures in the room.

"Will you not tell us about these famous men, Grandfather?" he asked.

So Grandfather bade him draw the table nearer to the fireside; and they looked over the portraits together while Clara and Charlie likewise lent their attention, and little Alice climbed into Grandfather's lap and gazed at the pictures, as if she could see the very men whose faces were there represented.

Turning over the volume, Lawrence came to the portrait of a stern, grim-looking man in plain attire of much more modern fashion than that of the old Puritans. But the face might well have befitted one of those iron-hearted men. Beneath the portrait was the name of Samuel Adams.

"He was a man of great note in all the doings that brought about the Revolution," said Grandfather; "an earnest patriot and a fearless leader of men. He, better than any one else, may be taken as a representative of the people of New England, and of the spirit with which they engaged in the revolutionary struggle. He was a poor man, and earned his bread by a humble occupation; but with his tongue and pen he made the king of England tremble on his throne.



*Samuel Adams**John Hancock*

Remember him, my children, as one of the strong men of our country."

"Here is one whose looks show a very different character," observed Lawrence, turning to the portrait of John Hancock. "I should think, by his splendid dress and courtly aspect, that he was one of the king's friends."

"There never was a greater contrast than between Samuel Adams and John Hancock," said Grandfather. "Yet they were of the same side in politics, and had an equal agency in the Revolution. Hancock was born to the inheritance of the largest fortune in New England. His tastes and habits were aristocratic. He loved gorgeous attire, a splendid mansion, magnificent furniture, stately festivals, and all that was glittering and pompous in external things.



His manners were so polished that there stood not a nobleman at the footstool of King George's throne who was a more skillful courtier than John Hancock might have been.

"Nevertheless, he in his embroidered clothes and Samuel Adams in his threadbare coat wrought together in the cause of liberty. Adams acted from pure and rigid principle. Hancock, though he loved his country, yet thought quite as much of his own popularity as he did of the people's rights. It is remarkable that these two men, so very different as I describe them, were the only two exempted from pardon by the king's proclamation."

Grandfather might have continued to talk in this dull manner nobody knows how long; but suspecting that Charlie would find the subject rather dry, he looked sideways at that vivacious little fellow, and saw him give an involuntary yawn. So he quickly turned the leaf and came to a portrait of General Joseph Warren. Charlie recognized the name, and said that here was a greater man than either Hancock or Adams.

"Warren was an eloquent and able patriot," replied Grandfather. "He deserves a lasting memory for his zealous efforts in behalf of liberty. No man's voice was more powerful in Faneuil Hall than Joseph Warren's. If his death had not occurred so early in the contest, he would probably have gained a high name as a soldier."

"It was General Warren who sent the daring young patriot, Paul Revere, out to Concord on that memorable night of April eighteenth, seventeen hundred seventy-five."



He sent another young man also, William Dawes, by a different road, so that if either should be captured by the British the other might reach Lexington and warn Samuel Adams and John Hancock that the British were coming, and then go on to Concord, rousing the people all along the way.

"General Gage, the British commander in Boston, intended to seize the military stores which the patriots had concealed in Concord, and he hoped to capture Adams and Hancock and send them to England to be tried as traitors.

"But when in the early dawn the British reached Lexington and drew up in battle line on the village green, they found, to their great surprise, the minutemen, armed and ready to defend the town, and oppose the further progress of the redcoats.

"The patriots were too few, however, to risk a battle then, so they dispersed for the time being, but the militia and the minutemen were collecting from all directions, and at Concord Bridge they made a stand, and obliged the British to withdraw. The redcoats returned to Boston at night, utterly worn out and exhausted, not at all as they marched forth in the morning, playing Yankee Doodle and no doubt making many a jest at the expense of the patriots."

"What became of Paul Revere?" asked Clara.

"He and Dawes were both captured on their way to Concord and led back to Lexington, but they were soon released.

"General Warren lost his life a few weeks later in the





*Benj. Franklin*

*John Adams.*

first great battle of the Revolution, the battle of Bunker Hill. He was on the field, aiding and encouraging the soldiers here and there, when he was shot by a British ball. You may see the spot a few rods from Bunker Hill Monument where this brave man fell.

"Here we see the most illustrious Boston boy that ever lived," said Grandfather. "This is Benjamin Franklin. But I will not try to compress into a few sentences the character of the sage, who, as a Frenchman expressed it, snatched the lightning from the sky and the scepter from a tyrant."

The book likewise contained portraits of James Otis



and Josiah Quincy. Both of them, Grandfather observed, were men of wonderful talents and true patriotism. Their voices were like the stirring tones of a trumpet arousing the country to defend its freedom. Heaven seemed to have provided a greater number of eloquent men than had appeared at any other period, in order that the people might be fully instructed as to their wrongs and the method of resistance. "It is marvelous," said Grandfather, "to see how many powerful writers, orators and soldiers started up just at the time when they were wanted. There was a man for every kind of work.

"Many a young American who had spent his boyhood in obscurity, afterward attained to a fortune which he never could have foreseen even in his most ambitious dreams. John Adams, the second President of the United States and the equal of crowned kings, was once a schoolmaster and country lawyer. Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, served his apprenticeship with a merchant. Samuel Adams, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was a small tradesman. General Warren was a physician. General Nathanael Greene, the best soldier except Washington in the revolutionary army, was a Quaker and a blacksmith. All these became illustrious men, and can never be forgotten in American history. And it is wonderful that men of such different characters were all made to unite in the one object of establishing the freedom and independence of America. There was an overruling Providence above them."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



## WARREN'S ADDRESS



STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it, ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! — they're afire!

And, before you, — see

Who have done it! — From the vale

On they come! and will ye quail?

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!

Die we may: and die we must:

But, oh! where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,

As where heaven its dew shall shed

On the martyred patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT



## GRATITUDE TO GOD

ST. PAUL, the Apostle of the Gentiles, is never weary of giving thanks to God. In his Epistle to the Romans, in both of his Epistles to the Corinthians, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, in the two to the Thessalonians, in both of those addressed to Timothy, and in his letter to Philemon, he pours forth his thanks for the spiritual blessings bestowed on himself and his disciples.

And in every instance his expressions of gratitude occur in the opening chapter as if to admonish us that all our prayers and good works should be inaugurated by thanksgiving.

The Church is not less zealous than the Apostle in fulfilling this sacred duty. Our Saviour was once sacrificed for our Redemption on the altar of the Cross. And from the rising to the setting of the sun, she daily commemorates this great event on ten thousand altars by the great Eucharistic Sacrifice, which, as the very name implies, is a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

Every devout Christian should rejoice that the Chief Executive of this nation, as well as the Governors of the different states, are accustomed once a year to invite the people of the United States to return thanks to God for His blessings to us. It is a healthy sign to see our Chief Magistrate officially proclaiming the supreme dominion and Fatherly supervision of Our Creator.

CARDINAL GIBBONS



## TIME TO GO

THEY know the time to go !

The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour  
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower  
Bows at the signal an obedient head  
And hastes to bed.

The pale Anemone  
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night ;  
The Violets tie their purple nightcaps tight ;  
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,  
In blithesome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,  
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest ;  
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest  
And hides it 'neath the Grasses' lengthening green ;  
Fair and serene,

Her sister Lily floats  
On the blue pond, and raises golden eyes  
To court the golden splendor of the skies —  
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes  
To find repose

In the cool depths below.  
A little later, and the Asters blue  
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew ;  
While Goldenrod, still wide awake and gay,  
Turns him away,



Furls his bright parasol,  
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.  
The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,  
Next follow. Every Fern is tucked and set  
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.  
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve  
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;  
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know  
The time to go.

Teach us your patience brave,  
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,  
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true;  
That His sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow,  
With smiles, not sorrow.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

## DOWN TO SLEEP

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;  
November days are clear and bright;  
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;  
The morning's snow is gone by night;  
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,  
As through the woods, I reverent creep,  
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON





## SWEETHEART TRAVELERS

### In Winter Woodland

SHE is not a sweetheart for the summer time only, this one of mine. Now that she is grown up, four years and six months is quite grown up for a sweetheart, she and I go for a walk even in the time of frost and snow.

We are interested in the problem how the birds and beasts of the fields and woodlands eat and sleep during this black and bitter winter weather. And very specially we try to find out how in this time of coal dearth, they manage to obtain fuel to keep the fires burning in their brave little hearts.

As she and I go toward the woods, the snow is crisp with frost and whistles beneath our feet. There is a sharpness also about our faces, as if Jack Frost had been sharpening the ends of our noses at his grindstone — as indeed he has.

First we go through a little woodland ravine. It is almost waist deep in fallen leaves. The mighty beeches,





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IN WINTER WOODLAND



in all their plenitude of foliage, have stood for ages on the slopes above. And in this place all the summer you can listen to the noise of their rustling branches.

Now they are bare and stark, but the winds have swept the russet and orange leaves into this narrow defile. They are matted together on the surface with frost, but underneath is a whole underground world of dormant living things which we must explore some day.

But it is not until we get fairly into the woods and leave the shallow frozen snow of the fields behind us that we see any signs of life. The silence of these winter woods is their main characteristic. But that is chiefly owing to the observer. It strikes the wayfarer, tramping along at a good steady policeman's pace to keep himself warm, that there is not a single sign of life in all the frosty woodlands. And this is natural, for sylvan eyes and ears are exceedingly acute.

The stamp of a leather-shod foot can be heard many hundreds of yards. Then, at once, every bird and beast within the radius stands at attention, to judge of the direction of the noise. *Crack* goes another rotten branch. In a second all the woodland folk are in their holes in the deepest shrubberies or in the upper branches of the trees. The twang of the broken twig tells them that the intruder is off the beaten path, and is therefore probably a dangerous intruder.

But Sweetheart and I are warmly wrapped up. So we can crouch and watch in the lee of a dike, or stand wrapped in one great cloak behind a tree trunk. It is not of much use



to go abroad at noon. In the morning when the birds are at their breakfast is the time. Or better still, in the early afternoon when the low red sun has yet about an hour and a half to travel — that is the time to call upon the bird folk in the winter season. They are busy, and have less time to give to their suspicions.

“The sun is like one big cherry,” says Sweetheart, suddenly, looking up between the boughs; “like one big cherry in streaky jelly.”

And it is so precisely. He lies low down in the south in a ruby haze of winter frost. The reflections on the snow are red also, and the shadows purple. The glare of the morning’s white and blue is taken off by the level beams. Sweetheart has something to say on this subject. “Father, I thought the first day that the snow was prettier, but then it keeps us from seeing a great many pretty things.”

Never mind, Sweetheart. It will also let us see a sufficient number of pretty things, if we only wait and look closely enough. But it is certainly true that snow does not help the color of a landscape. Still, as a compensation, there is brilliant color above our heads. The cherry-tinted sun, shining on the boles of the Scotch firs in the plantation, turns them into red gold, and causes their crooked branches to stand out against the dull indigo sky like veins of white-hot metal.

But look down, Sweetheart — see the tracks on the snow. Can you tell me what all these are? There is the broad-spurred arrow of that black vagrant, Mr. Rook, who is every-



where. We need not mind him. See, a little farther on, the regular loping of the rabbits as they cross the beaten path down from the bank, and go into the hedgerows for tender shoots and leaf-protected grasses.

Here is a hare's track — a wounded one, too. See, he has been carrying one foot off the ground. Only here and there do we see where it has just skimmed the snow. His trail goes dot and dash, like a Morse telegram. Sweetheart does not know what that is, but she is brimming over with pity for the poor lame hare. Would it not be possible to find him and get his poor foot tied up, like the robin red-breast of precious memory, whose wounded leg we once doctored and healed?

Ah, I reply, but this is quite a different matter. You see, Mr. Hare unfortunately omitted to leave his card in passing. We really do not know where he lives, and besides, even if we did, it is hardly likely that we could catch him. For he would run a great deal faster on three legs, even with a spare one to carry, than Sweetheart and I on our whole equipment of four between us. Sweetheart thinks with a sigh that this most fascinating ambulance work must be given up.

Yet it is a pity. A wounded and grateful hare coming to the back door every morning would just fill her cup of joy to the brim. But I remind her that there are two dogs at the back door, and that it is possible they might receive the visitor with quite another sort of gratitude. Why, oh, why, thinks the little maid, will things turn out so contrary?



But here is the place where we must turn off the path and go softly down into the thicker woods. Let us watch our feet carefully, and tread on no brittle branches. For the birds will surely hear, and then we may say good-by to our chance of seeing them.

Presently we are behind the giant bole of the beech, whose tender gray satin skin gives a dainty expression to its winter beauty. Now, wrapped closely in our one cloak, and with the pair of field glasses ready in hand, we abide warm and eager. There are birds all around us, we can hear them.

"See — see — see," from above. "Chip — chip," from somewhere underground. Sweetheart's quick eye catches the flash of the first bird. She points an eager finger through the folds of the cloak, and looks up to me with a hushed and awe-struck face. "Oxeye," she whispers.

Oxeye it is — the great titmouse, with his yellow breast flashing like a lemon-colored sunbeam, and above it his bold black-and-white head.

How he darts and dashes! Now he is lost to view, now he is out again. He has a bit of bark in his bill, and he shakes it furiously. We stand breathlessly silent. This oxeye has enough energy in him to decimate a countryside. If he were only as big as a horse, he would not leave man, woman or child alive between Pentland and Solway. As it is, he makes it hot indeed for the bark-boring beetles. Tap, tap — shake, shake, he goes. And out tumbles from a hole in the bark a wicked little gentleman *Scolytus*, the



Destroyer by name, a very Attila of beetles. Oxeye winks, and there is an end of Scolytus.

But the victor is at it again. He is up on the elm, clinging, head down exactly like a Creeper, though he does not run so quickly up the trunk as that darling little bird. But what he does is to walk around the trunk till he finds something to suit him, and then he has it down on the ground in a moment to inquire into its nature. There are several oxeyes now, and they are giving Scolytus the Destroyer and all his clan a warm time of it. Without doubt they are doing much good to the growing trees.

Now there is a wren among the tits, only one little Jenny. But she is in the best of spirits. She also is hunting among the leaves, and, what is very curious, carrying them in her bill to a hollow in a tree stem which is nearly as full of them already as it can hold. We examine this cavity before we leave, and agree that if Jenny nestles in there at night, she has not so poor a dwelling place, except perhaps when the wind is in the north.

Dropping the leaves, Jenny makes overtures of friendship to a very handsome but sadly misanthropic robin, clad in a splendid scarlet vest, who is moping listlessly about, taking an occasional aimless peck at nothing, watching us all the while furtively with a sharp and shining eye. But Robin takes not the slightest notice of her. Whereat Jenny jerks her saucy tail, and with a quite perceptible sniff, flies off contemptuously to the nearest birch tree.

So all too soon it comes time to go home. As we march



along, there are a thousand things that Sweetheart wants to know, and "Whys" and "But, Fathers" hurtle through the tortured air. She has not been able to speak for a whole hour, and is therefore well-nigh full to bursting of marks of interrogation. On the whole, I do as well as can be expected, and receive an honor certificate.

The crows also are going home to tea, and fly clanging and circling overhead, playing at "Tag" to keep themselves warm. Sweetheart watches them, cogitating the while. I point out to her how the brackens, being thin and poor in blood, have all dried down brown and rusty; but how the stronger and sturdier ferns still keep their greenness, though they have grown a little tired standing up, and so have laid themselves down to sleep under the plaid of the snow.

But now we must hurry homeward. It is sad indeed, but after all there are such things as colds, and the consequences would be unutterable if, even in the interests of science, we were to take home one of these between us.

"I like so much to come out with you," observes Sweetheart, "because you never say, 'You mustn't,' at the nice places, nor 'You're going to get your boots wet!' at the dear little pools!"

I was, in fact, upon the point of making the latter remark at that moment, but in face of such sweet flattery, how could the thing be done?

"Do you know I think it's very kind of you to take me out walking with you, Father," is the next statement, also made in the interests of the future.



I disclaim any particular kindness in the matter, except to myself.

"Have I been a good companion to you, Father?" is the next link in the chain which I feel weaving about me. But I have to admit the fact or perjure myself.

"And not been a dreadful trouble to you?" This pathetically, thrusting a small hand into mine. Which also being satisfactorily answered, I feel that the point is coming now.

"Then," says Sweetheart, "may I have tea in the dining room to-night, stay up till eight o'clock and come out walking with you to-morrow?"

"But we must be quick, Sweetheart. They will be waiting for us at the window. Now should you like two lumps of sugar in your tea — or three?"

S. R. CROCKETT

## ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

INNOCENT eyes not ours  
And made to look on flowers,  
Eyes of small birds, and insects small;  
Morn after summer morn  
The sweet rose on her thorn  
Opens her bosom to them all.  
The last and least of things,  
That soar on quivering wings,  
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,  
Have just as clear a right  
To their appointed portion of delight  
As queens or kings.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



## THE LOST CAMEL

*Characters: A DERVISH, TWO MERCHANTS,  
A JUDGE*

## SCENE I

## The Desert of Sahara

*(Enter the dervish and the two merchants.)*

DERVISH. Good day, my friends. Ye are in trouble, I see.

FIRST MERCHANT. Thou speakest truth. We are in great trouble.

DERVISH. Your camel has wandered away and is lost.

SECOND MERCHANT. True, good dervish, hast thou seen him?

DERVISH. That camel of yours was blind in the right eye.

FIRST MERCHANT. Aye, aye, thou hast seen him then.

DERVISH. And lame in the left foreleg.

SECOND MERCHANT. It is true, O dervish, thou must have met him in the desert. Tell us where we may find him.

DERVISH. And he had lost a front tooth.

FIRST MERCHANT. Aye, truly, the camel that thou sawest was surely ours. Where is he now?

DERVISH. He was laden with wheat on one side.

SECOND MERCHANT. True, true, good dervish. Tell us quickly what has become of him.







A CAMEL OF THE DESERT

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DERVISH. And he was laden with honey on the other side.

FIRST MERCHANT. Indeed he was. Now surely, good friend, thou dost not doubt that the camel is ours.

SECOND MERCHANT. How fortunate that we met thee !

FIRST MERCHANT. We are most grateful to thee, O dervish, we will retrace our steps. No doubt we shall soon overtake him. Thank thee kindly, good friend. Fare thee well.

DERVISH. Hearken, my good friends. I have never seen your camel.

FIRST MERCHANT. Never seen him ! That is impossible.

SECOND MERCHANT. Who, then, has told thee about him ?

DERVISH. No one has told me about him, and I have never seen him.

FIRST MERCHANT. A likely story, truly ! Thou hast stolen our camel. Thou intendest to rob us. Base caitiff, thou shalt suffer for this !

SECOND MERCHANT. Let us seize the rascal. Let us take him before the judge. He shall restore our jewels. He shall give us back our treasure.

## SCENE II

### The Court of Justice

*(Enter the judge, the dervish and the two merchants.)*

FIRST MERCHANT. O learned judge, we bring thee a prisoner who is guilty of theft. He has stolen our camel and has robbed us of our jewels. Of that we are sure.



JUDGE. Hold, my good friends. Ye say that ye have lost your camel and your jewels, of that ye are sure. Ye accuse this dervish of stealing them, of that ye are not sure. Ye must first prove him guilty. Produce your evidence.

FIRST MERCHANT. That we will do, most righteous judge.

SECOND MERCHANT. We can readily prove that he is guilty.

JUDGE. Very well. Ye may tell your story.

FIRST MERCHANT. My friend here and I were crossing the desert on our way to Bagdad, where we intended to sell some valuable jewels at the bazaar. As thou knowest right well, most upright judge, the desert is infested with robbers, so to conceal the great treasure in our possession we loaded our camel with simple stores of honey and wheat, hiding the jewels in the sacks of wheat.

At midday, we rested under some palms near a well of water, and being warm and weary we fell asleep. On awaking, we found that our camel was missing, but we suspected no evil, thinking that he had wandered a short distance. Diligently we searched for the animal, but could find no trace of him. At length, O judge, we met this dervish, who told us at once that we had lost a camel and he straightway described him minutely, saying that he was blind in one eye, lame in one leg and that he had lost one tooth. Ye can readily see, most learned judge, that the dervish must have seen him.

SECOND MERCHANT. And the villain even told us that



our camel was laden with wheat and honey. How could he know all this if he had not seen him, and wherefore doth he not restore him if he hath not stolen the jewels?

FIRST MERCHANT. Have we not shown him to be guilty, O judge?

JUDGE. I have heard your accusations and your evidence. I will listen now to the prisoner. Come forward, dervish. What hast thou to say in thy defense? If thou hadst never seen this camel, how was it that thou knewest so much about him?

DERVISH. Gladly, O judge, will I answer thy just inquiry. From my youth up, I have been accustomed to notice carefully everything that came in my way. This habit of close observation is of more value to me than all the jewels of the merchants. It hath been of great service many, many times, and this time only hath it been the cause of trouble. But I can easily show that I am innocent of the charge brought against me.

As I walked along, I saw footprints in the sand which I knew at once to be the tracks of a camel. There were no footprints of a man beside those of the camel, so I concluded that the animal had strayed from his driver.

JUDGE. But, good dervish, how couldst thou tell that the camel was blind and lame, that he had lost a tooth and that his burden was wheat and honey?

DERVISH. I knew he was blind, for I saw that the grass was cropped on one side of the path only. In every place where he had grazed, there was a little tuft of grass left



standing. This showed that the animal had lost a front tooth. The print in the sand made by one foot was a fainter impression than the others. By this I knew that he was lame in one foot.

FIRST MERCHANT. One question more, O judge. How could he know that the camel was laden with honey and wheat ?

DERVISH. I noticed that a colony of ants was busy carrying away grains of wheat on one side of the path, and that flies were clustering thick along the other side.

JUDGE. Thou art very observant and very wise, O dervish. I pronounce thee innocent. Thou art free. Go in peace. As for ye, merchants, be not so hasty in your conclusions in future. Moreover, if ye will make as good use of your eyes as this dervish, ye will doubtless find your camel. Ye are dismissed !

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Two men walk along the same road: one notices the blue depths of the sky, the floating clouds, the opening leaves upon the trees, the green grass, the yellow buttercups, and the far stretch of the open fields; the other has precisely the same pictures on his retina, but pays no attention to them. One sees and the other does not see; one enjoys an unspeakable pleasure, and the other loses that pleasure which is as free to him as the air.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT



## LEARNING BY OBSERVING

THE great use of a school education is not so much to teach you things, as to teach you how to learn—to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind.

And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

As you well know, one boy will sit staring at his book for an hour, without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour; and why? Because one has actually *not seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, “kept his eyes open.” He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

Therefore I say that everything which helps a boy’s power of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about us, and especially of natural history: to be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new—which is observation; to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike—which is classification. All



that must, and I know very well does, help to make a boy wide-awake, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen.

When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story called "Eyes and No Eyes"; and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and around to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull; he hardly saw a single person. He would rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?"

"Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert would rather walk alone; and so went on.

"Presently in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago — frill collar and tight skeleton monkey-jacket and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes which always came off if we stepped into heavy ground; and terribly dirty and wet he is; but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

"He has a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it



is, and has seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and has gathered strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit, — because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and wet he got ; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf cutting ; and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one ; and then he went on and saw many other things, and so on and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

“Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities ; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

“Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way : ‘So it is : one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the names of the hotels, and the price and quality of tobacco. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the English Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

“‘While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find mat-



ter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes ; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.'''

And when I read that story, as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes ; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes ; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since ; and Mr. Eyes I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful. Ah ! my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves and helping themselves forward in life — then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

## THE SHELL

SEE what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairly well  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design !



What is it ? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name.  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny shell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?  
Did he push, when he was uncurled,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Through his dim water world ?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand !  
Small, but a work divine !  
Frail, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand !

ALFRED TENNYSON



## CORALS AND CORAL REEFS

“Whatever mine ears can hear,  
Whatever mine eyes can see,  
In Nature so bright with beauty and light  
Has a message of love for me.”

WHEREVER we look in this great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world, we can find glories unspeakable, marvelous things to admire and to enjoy. Here is this bit of coral. What is it and where does it come from?

Coral is, next to the pearl, the most precious jewel of the sea. It is very beautiful and is valuable for ornaments. Even from the most ancient times it has been used for this purpose. In the Bible, we find it mentioned in connection with emeralds and other precious stones, and we are told by the old writer Pliny that weapons and costly vessels were embellished with branches of this beautiful substance.

Red coral is obtained chiefly from the Mediterranean Sea. In the adjoining countries, especially in Southern Italy, the business of gathering and culling it and making it into ornaments forms a flourishing and important industry. It is still a favorite material for necklaces and other forms of jewelry.

Coral is drawn up from the sea in nets by divers or by fishermen. These nets are attached to a vessel and lowered over the rocks where the coral branches are found. Then the boatmen hoist the sails, and as the vessel slowly drifts



before the wind, the choice treasures are collected and dragged up from their home in the deep sea.

And what is this beautiful material? It is a solid structure of carbonate of lime, and is made in a very curious and wonderful way by tiny creatures called polyps. As we know, all animals and plants are able to appropriate from the water or the air in which they live, whatever properties they need for their own life and growth. So the little coral polyps take up lime from the sea water and use it in making their wonderful building.

Great numbers of these tiny beings living in colonies and working together, deposit within their bodies minute particles of lime. It hardens into a solid frame or skeleton, and this is the beautiful coral that we admire so much.

In early life the coral polyp has a soft transparent body like a lump of jelly. Sometimes it swims around freely in the water, but it soon attaches itself to the ground or perhaps to a rock, and henceforth remains fixed to that place. Its form immediately changes, becoming star-shaped, and tentacles or arms appear, which bring to its mouth bits of food and particles of lime.

From each ray-like point of its body another tiny polyp soon appears, like another little star. Some of these drop off into the water and some remain and begin to build. Again from these tiny star points, other polyps start forth, and so as time goes on, millions upon millions are added to the colony, and the building of the busy little architects grows larger and larger.





CORAL FORMATIONS

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There are several kinds of coral, and all are very curious and beautiful. Sometimes the stony substance is rounded in form with a rough wrinkled surface, sometimes it is in shapes of branching shrubs or trees, sometimes it is fan-shaped.

But whatever the form, the coral which we see in museums is only the limestone structure, very different in appearance from the coral gardens in the sea. As we look down through the clear water at these wonderful sea gardens they do indeed present a lovely and fairylike scene.

The tentacles of the little polyps are of many bright colors, and each one of the millions of beings composing the community is enveloped in a perfect wreath of them. When all these tiny tentacles, white or green or rose-colored, are fully expanded, moving about in the water, they look like a bed of the most brilliant flowers.

Indeed, for a long time it was supposed that they really were flowers. Learned men, notwithstanding all their research and careful observation, have made many mistakes in trying to understand these marvelous little creatures. But at last, by long and patient study with the aid of the microscope, their real nature has been discovered. They belong to the same class of animals as the lovely sea anemones, which indeed are sometimes called the "cousins of the coral."

The work of all kinds of coral polyps is very interesting, but that of the reef-building species fills us with the greatest wonder. It seems absolutely impossible that those mighty



reefs could be raised by creatures so very small. Yet nevertheless it is true. The little ocean builders have worked steadily for centuries, and long lines of coast, whole islands and even mountain ranges are the result of their labors.

As an example of this, we find one single reef, made entirely by coral polyps, stretching along the northeastern coast of Australia for nearly a thousand miles. And there is another very remarkable coral reef which we may see nearer home. This is the line of islands known as the Florida Keys, only a few miles from the southern coast of Florida. These islands are in reality points or heights of an immense structure of coral, which in many places is still below the surface of the water.

A coral reef is a limestone wall built up from the bottom of the ocean. It is usually found quite near the mainland, for the reef-building corals cannot live in very deep water. The foundation of the wall is laid firmly and securely by a kind of polyp that lives at a depth of fifteen fathoms. Then other kinds take up the work and raise the structure higher and higher, until it reaches the level of the sea. The top of the reef is made by delicate branching corals of a great many forms and colors. Among these are found stony seaweeds and many curious marine animals.

Can you think how a coral reef down in the ocean must look? Try to imagine the corals, madrepores, brain stones, corallines and sea ferns which you have seen in Museums, not white stones as they are now, but all alive, and blazing in colors. And imagine out of every pore another gaudy little



polyp like a tiny flower peeping out. Think of a garden filled with beautiful flowers of every shape and color that you have ever seen. Nothing could be more gorgeous and brilliant, down in the deep sea.

A coral reef is the home of a great variety of small animals which work their way for shelter into every little nook and cranny. Imagine, growing in among the corals, and crawling over them, sea anemones, shellfish, starfish, sea slugs and sea cucumbers with tiny feathery gills, shrimps, crabs, and hundreds of other animals with curious forms and gay colors, and shoals of fish playing in and out as strange and gaudy as the rest. You may let your fancy run wild and you can never picture anything half so strange or so gay as these wonderful things all alive at the bottom of the ocean.

The coral polyps cannot build above the high tide mark, so do you not wonder how a reef can rise above the surface, and how such islands as the Florida Keys can be made?

This is accomplished by the aid of the winds and the waves. Day and night, week after week, year after year, the trade wind, blowing steadily in the same direction toward the equator, is constantly hurling mighty billows against the reef. Great lumps of coral are thus broken off and thrown into the sea, often being ground into a fine sand by the force of the water.

The waves beating furiously against the reef pile up the sand and broken bits, as a sea beach is piled up by the surf, pounding and pounding them, until the pile, ever growing larger and larger, is firm and solid. Then, as lime always



does, it sets and hardens, just as you have seen mortar set ; and so a little island is formed above the water.



GREAT BARRIER CORAL REEF OF AUSTRALIA

On the top of the reef soil soon collects, made of the coral sand and of the rocks and the mud washed from the neighboring land and brought hither by tide and by storms. Now the little island is ready for vegetation.

Seeds from other islands are floated in on the tide, and among them there is almost always the coconut, which often grows by the seashore ; so groves of coco palms are started on the lonely island, and soon also other trees, such as bread-



fruit and mangrove, and many shrubs which belong to tropical climates, for coral reefs and coral islands are found only in tropical regions.

Sea birds come to rest, and perhaps they build their homes there, and other birds that have been caught in a storm and blown out to sea find shelter in a little coco or breadfruit grove. Then the winds may bring in trees and bushes, with eggs and cocoons of insects entangled in their roots; and so a few butterflies and beetles set up for themselves upon the island and a little new world is begun; but a world in which there are no four-footed beasts, no snakes, nor lizards, nor frogs, nor anything that cannot cross the sea.

On some of these islands animals have existed so long that probably their forms have changed somewhat to fit them for the place in which they live. Here you may find creatures as strange and unique as the coconut crab, which walks a foot high upon the tips of his toes. Often he has nothing to eat but coconuts, and so coconuts he has learned to eat and that with a relish. The way in which he gets the meat out of the nut seems very ingenious.

When he finds a coconut fallen to the ground, he begins to tear away the husk and fiber with his long claws, and he understands perfectly well which end it is better to open; that is, the one where the three eyeholes are, from one of which, as you know, the young coconut tree would burst forth. So with his strong claw he punches a hole through one of these eyes.



But how is he to get out the meat? He cannot suck the coco milk as a bee sucks honey, for he has no proboscis. He is in as much of a dilemma as the fox in the old fable when the stork invited him to dinner and served the repast in a long-necked bottle. But our crab is not to be daunted by trifles. He turns around and thrusts in his hind feet, which are long and slender, and so he feeds himself in his own peculiar fashion.

And even the husk of the coconut he has learned to use for his advantage. He lives in a deep burrow like a rabbit, and liking the luxury of a soft warm bed he takes pains to line the nest carefully with a mass of the woody fibers picked out clean and fine. And every night he goes down to the sea and takes a refreshing bath; thus he is as comfortable and happy on his island as a crab can well be. So much for the coconut crab.

There are in the Southern Pacific a great many islands, each one of which is encircled by a fringe of coral. And there are many entirely of coral, among them hundreds of ring islands, or atolls, as they are called. An atoll is a complete ring or a nearly complete ring of coral inclosing a beautiful sheet of smooth water. If there is a break in the ring allowing a passage from the open sea, the atoll furnishes a safe shelter for ships, a delightful harbor in midocean.

It was a long time before scientists could account for the fact that these islands are in the form of a ring. The first to explain the riddle was Charles Darwin.

"Suppose," said he, "one of those beautiful South Sea



Islands with its ring of coral reef all around its shore, should begin to sink slowly under the sea. The land, as it sank, would be gone out of sight for good and all; but the coral reef around it would not sink, because the coral polyps would build up and up continually until they reached the surface of the water. And when the island had sunk completely beneath the surface of the sea what would be left? What could be left but a ring of coral reef around the spot where the last mountain peak sank under the water?"

It is easy to understand this when we know that the bottom of the Pacific Ocean has been very gradually changing through many centuries. Geologists tell us that there was once a great continent in this ocean joined perhaps to Australia, while now nothing is left but coral reefs to mark the mountain peaks of that sunken world.

And in other parts of the world, land which was once covered by the sea has been lifted up above the surface of the water by the power of volcanoes and earthquakes. In many places we find wide sheets of limestone, even mountain ranges of coral formation which were once at the bottom of the sea.

"Great and marvelous are His works." Everywhere they show forth the wisdom and power and goodness of God, teaching us on land and sea, on the mountain top and far down in the depth of the ocean where precious jewels are hidden, that nothing is impossible with Him and that His love is infinite.

ALICE REBECCA HARVEY



“*F*OR the sea is His and He made it ; and His hands formed the dry land.”  
“Wonderful are the surges of the sea ; wonderful is the Lord on high.”

“For in His hands are all the ends of the earth ; and the heights of the mountains are His.”

“Whatever the Lord pleased He hath done, in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and in all the deeps. He bringeth up clouds from the end of the earth : He hath made lightnings for the rain. He bringeth forth winds out of His stores.”

“In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundedst the earth ; and the heavens are the works of Thy hands.”

“Thine are the heavens and Thine is the earth ; the world and the fullness thereof Thou hast founded.”

“Thou rulest the power of the sea : and appeasest the motion of the waves thereof.”

“The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge.”

“He loveth mercy and judgment ; the earth is full of the mercy of the Lord.”

## THE CORAL GROVE

*D*EEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and the goldfish rove,  
Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue  
That never are wet with falling dew,



But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the waves and winds are absent there ;  
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air.

\* \* \* \* \*

There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life in rare and beautiful forms  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own.

*JAMES GATES PERCIVAL*

## OCTOBER

**I**T is no joy to me to sit  
On dreamy summer eves,  
When silently the timid moon  
Kisses the sleeping leaves,  
And all things through the fair hush'd earth  
Love, rest — but nothing grieves.



Better I like old Autumn,  
With his hair toss'd to and fro,  
Firm striding o'er the stubble fields  
When the equinoctials blow.

When shrinkingly the sun creeps up  
Through misty mornings cold,  
And Robin on the orchard hedge  
Sings cheerily and bold,  
While heavily the frosted plum  
Drops downward on the mold ;  
And, as he passes, Autumn  
Into earth's lap does throw  
Brown apples gay in a game of play,  
As the equinoctials blow.

When the spent year its carol sinks  
Into a humble psalm,  
Asks no more for the pleasure draught,  
But for the cup of balm ;  
And all its storms and sunshine-bursts  
Controls to one brave calm —  
Then step by step walks Autumn,  
With steady eyes that show  
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the year,  
While the equinoctials blow.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK





## RIP VAN WINKLE

### I. Rip's Life at Home

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country.

Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the evening sky. But sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapor about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a cloud of glory.



At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the near landscape. This is Tarrytown, a village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province. Some of the houses of the original settlers were standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses, which, to tell the exact truth, was sadly timeworn and weather-beaten, there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow by the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the old war-like days, but he inherited very little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and a great favorite among all the villagers. The children would even shout for joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and to play marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity.





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IN THE CATSKILLS



The great error in Rip Van Winkle's composition was a strong aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock with a long heavy rod in his hand and fish all day without a murmur even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a gun on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons.

He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village used to employ him to run their errands and to do many little odd jobs. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the poorest little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow more quickly in his field than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do: so that, though his estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.



## II. Rip's Children, his Dog and his Friends

His children, too, were as ragged and as wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin born in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, in a pair of his father's cast-off trousers, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and who would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife, Dame Winkle, kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence.

Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of this kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house — the only way in truth which was left for him.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf; Dame



Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so much astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, Wolf was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but the moment he entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a portrait of his Majesty, George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade through a long summer's day, talking listlessly over the village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.



The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial.

It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at last routed by his wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was the august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible scold, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of his farm and the clamor of his wife was to take his gun in hand, and to stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat





RIP VAN WINKLE

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himself at the foot of a tree, and share his lunch with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

### III. Rip in the Mountains

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice.

From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent and majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by



the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountains. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely, unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round his waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with



rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and he made signs for Rip to approach and help him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices.

During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing ninepins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with



that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of a nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statuelike gaze, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and



trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

As Rip watched them he became drowsy and finally fell into a deep sleep.

#### IV. The Awakening

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

“Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woebegone party at ninepins. “Oh!” thought Rip, “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared. but he might have strayed away for a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.



He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs.

Again he called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air, who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for the want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

## V. The Return

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in



the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. The very village was altered ; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains ; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance ; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed.

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me !"

He entered the house which, to tell the truth, Dame





**RIP VAN WINKLE ON HIS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE**

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Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his fears — he called loudly for his wife and children ; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it was gone too. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.”

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes ; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, and a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter ; the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, “General Washington.”

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his



broad face, double chin and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches ; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece and his uncouth dress, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity.

Another busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and the left with his elbows as he passed. Planting himself before Van Winkle with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating as it were into his very soul, he demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.



"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, he demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say that he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too — was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in



his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld an exact counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain — apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, or whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of this bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything is changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the crowd to get a peep at the graybearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she; "hush, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.



“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:—

“Where’s your mother?”

“She died but a short time since.”

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he. “Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does anybody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle; it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had



returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of that province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half Moon*; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he



was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his own business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicler of the old times "before the war."

It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor — how there had been a revolutionary war ; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England ; and that instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician : the changes of state and empire made but little impression upon him.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it — which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It was at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart.



Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say that Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

*From "The Sketch Book."*

WASHINGTON IRVING (*Abridged*)

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*Washington Irving! Why, gentlemen, I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm.*

CHARLES DICKENS

Every reader has his first book. I mean to say, one book among all others, which in early youth first fascinates his imagination and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was "The Sketch Book" of Washington Irving. I was a schoolboy when it was published and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, nay even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of the titles and the fair clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of the style.

How many delightful books the same author has given us, written before and since — volumes of history and fiction most of which illustrate his native land, and some of which illumine it and make the Hudson, I will not say as classic but as romantic as the Rhine! Yet still the charm of "The Sketch Book" remains unbroken; the old fascination still lingers about it; and whenever I open its pages I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



## A BUILDER'S LESSON

HOW shall I a habit break?  
As you did that habit make.  
As you gathered, you must lose,  
As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist,  
'Till they bind us neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread the patient hand  
Must untwine ere free we stand.  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil — unhelped, alone —  
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,  
Lighter every test goes by;  
Wading in, the stream grows deep  
Toward the center's downward sweep,  
Backward turn, each step ashore  
Shallower is than that before.  
Ah, the precious years we waste  
Leveling what we raised in haste;  
Doing what must be undone,  
Ere content or love be won!  
First across the gulf we cast  
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,  
And habit builds the bridge at last.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY



## SKATING IN HOLLAND



SKATING in Holland is not only a pleasant pastime, but it is the ordinary way of getting about. In times of hard frost, the canals are transformed into streets where skating takes the place of the riding or driving in other cities.

The housewives skate to market, the laborers to their work, the shopkeepers to their business. Entire families skate from the country to the city with bags and baskets on their shoulders, or drive in sledges. Skating is as easy and natural with them as walking, and they skim along with such rapidity that they are almost invisible.

In former years wagers were frequently made among the best Dutch skaters as to which of them could keep up with the railway train that ran along the edge of the canal; and often the skater not only kept up with the train but even outstripped it.

But the rapidity of their skating is not the only remarkable thing about it; another feature very much to be admired is the security with which they traverse long distances. People sometimes skate from The Hague to Amsterdam and back in the same day; university students who leave Utrecht in the morning, dine at Amsterdam and get back to college before night. Many of the farmers skate from one city to another at night. Sometimes walking along the canal you see a human figure pass and disappear



like an arrow ; it is a peasant girl carrying milk to some house in the city.

When the snow is hard comes the turn of the sledges. Every family has one, and at the usual hour they come out by hundreds. They fly by in a long file, two and three together ; some shaped like shells, some like swans, dragons, boats or coaches, gilded and painted in different colors, and drawn by horses in magnificent trappings of rich furs, their heads ornamented by feathers and tassels and their harness studded with glittering points. They toss their heads in a cloud of vapor from their bodies, their manes sparkling with frost ; the sleighs leap forward, and the splendid pageant passes and disappears.

Sometimes ice ships in full sail are seen skimming over the frozen canals, going so fast that the faces of the few who dare try the adventure are terribly cut by the wind.

The most beautiful fêtes in Holland are given on the ice. When the Meuse is frozen, Rotterdam becomes a place of reunions and amusements. The snow is brushed away until the ice is as clean as a crystal floor ; restaurants, coffee-houses, pavilions and benches for spectators are set up, and at night all is illuminated. During the day a throng of skaters of all ages and classes crowds the river.

In other towns, especially in Friesland, which is the classic land of the art, there are societies of skaters who institute public races for prizes. Stakes and flags are set up all along the canals ; railings and stands are raised ; immense crowds assemble from the villages and the countryside ; bands



play; the *élite* of the town are present. There are races for men and races for women, then men and women race together. The names of the winners are inscribed upon the rolls of the society and are famous for years afterward.

The first day on which the ice on the canal and rivers is solid enough for skating is a holiday in all the Dutch towns. Early skaters who have been experimenting at sunrise spread the news; the papers announce it; groups of boys in the streets burst into shouts of delight; servants ask permission to go out with the determined air of people who have decided to rebel if refused; and old ladies and gentlemen forget their years and go to the canal to chat with friends and children.

At The Hague, the basin in the middle of the city near the Binnenhof is invaded by a crowd of people who interlace, knock against one another and form a confused giddy mass.

The flower of the aristocracy skates on a pond in the middle of the wood, and there in the snow may be seen a winding and whirling maze of officers, ladies, students, old men and boys, among whom the crown prince is sometimes seen.

Thousands of spectators gather around, music enlivens the festival, and the enormous disk of the sun of Holland sinking towards the horizon sends its dazzling salutations through the gigantic beech trees.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS



## THE RACE

## A Story of Holland •

[Hilda van Gleek was the daughter of a rich burgomaster in a little town near Amsterdam. She had a great many friends, for she was a noble, kind-hearted girl who loved to do all she could for others.

One winter when the ice was hard and smooth on the canal she invited all the boys and girls in the village to take part in a grand skating match, to be held as a little celebration of her mother's birthday, the twentieth of December.

A handsome prize was to be awarded to the best skater among the girls, and among the boys also: for the girls a splendid pair of silver skates with dainty little bells and buckles, and for the boys silver skates also, with beautiful arrows engraved upon the sides.

Among the many fleet skaters who competed for these splendid prizes were Hilda's friends, Rychie Korbes and Katrinka Flack, also Annie Bouman, a pretty peasant girl, and little Gretel Brinker, the youngest of them all. She was called a little goose girl, for in summer time she tended geese for the neighboring farmers.

Gretel's good brother Hans entered the list among the boys. Hans and Gretel were both fine skaters, but they had not expected to join the race, for the money required to purchase an outfit was needed much more at home. But they were helped over all these difficulties by the kind-hearted Hilda and other friends who were not willing that they should miss this grand affair, the gayest event of the winter.

Other boys in the race especially mentioned were Lambert van Mounen, Carl Schummel, Benjamin Dobbs, a visitor from England, and Peter van Holp. Peter's sister, young Madame van Gend, had come all the way from The Hague to attend the race, bringing bouquets of beautiful flowers for the winners. No wonder Peter would like to win, with his sister's loving, eager eyes upon him.]





THE twentieth of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting. The very weathercocks stood still to enjoy the sight.

This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now being rather out of breath they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weathercocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers. Long before noon, they concluded to take in their sails and go to the race. Everybody would be there. Already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating match had traveled far and wide. Men, women and children, in holiday attire, were flocking toward the spot.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuyder Zee, which Dutchmen, of course, must call the Eye.

The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the twentieth as the day for the next city trading. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who



had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House in sable gowns and white headbands; boys from the Burgher Asylum with their black tights and short-skirted harlequin coats.

There were old-fashioned gentlemen in velvet knee breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps; and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets; men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers and steeple-crowned hats; beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette and hung with lace a century old. The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short, one third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good



idea. They can look over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute air on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen with tender feet wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them !

The music has commenced ! How the melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air ! The fiddles have forgotten their agony, and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent, it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only the musicians are solemn.

Where are the racers ? All are assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight — forty boys and girls in picturesque attire, darting with electric swiftness in and out, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering, in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps ; others, halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, giving it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter, by this time, are standing in front, braced for the start ; for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie and Katrinka are among them. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate straps. It is pretty to see them stamp



to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown skirt.

Why, it is Gretel ! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap ! Annie Bouman is there, too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted ; but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest — a legal offense in Holland.

The race is about to begin. Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice : —

*"The girls and boys are to race in turn, until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns, skate to the flagstaff line, turn and then come back to the starting point; thus making a mile at each run."*

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark ! They are off !

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.



Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go! The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes, and wish they had taken their post nearer the flag-staff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead.

She passes the van Holf pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and brown? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion.

The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice — "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all — all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air: the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"*Gretel Brinker, one mile!*" shouts the crier. The judges





"GRETTEL BRINKER, ONE MILE!"

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nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand. While the girls are resting, — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast — off start the boys !

Halfway already. Did you ever see the like !

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter : there were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now ? There is such a noise, one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at ? Oh ! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go ! See him ! He'll be down in an instant : no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone : the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops. He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap, and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot !

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to," and turn at the flagstuffs. Something black is coming now, one of the boys : it is all we know. Now they come nearer ; we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans !

Hans is ahead. Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand : she had been quite sure that Peter



would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Pete ! He is ahead ! Hans shoots past him. Gretel gazes with clasped hands : four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there ! Yes ; but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

*"Carl Schummel, one mile!"* shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle ; and the bugle, using its voice as a bowstring, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight ; but one has not long to look : before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda ; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering ; but when Rychie passes her she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance : she is almost "home." Like an arrow, she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. "Huzza ! Huzza !"



The crier's voice is heard again :

*"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"*

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad, rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves, all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind.

They whisk around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance, this time, and all abreast — Hans, Peter and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly, Hans; fly, Peter: don't let Carl beat again! Van Mounen is flagging, but you are as strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans: which is foremost? Hilda, Annie and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different, and yet one in eagerness.

*"Peter van Holp, one mile!"* calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen, he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is, they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.



The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility; some wear a smile, half bashful, half provoked; but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda wins, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as after a few moments four or five in advance of the rest come speeding back, nearer, nearer, to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race: now she is in earnest, or rather, something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop — not until the goal is passed!



In vain the crier lifts his voice : he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell; it is already ringing through the crowd — *Gretel has won the silver skates!*

Like a bird, she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her; the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters.

With natural pride, Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap to make a new hole; and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend; the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans in a husky voice, "you have called me your friend. Take this strap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time; indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you must take it," and



Hans slipped his strap into Peter's skate, and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert from the line; "we are waiting for you."

"For Madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, mynheer, fasten it. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"Just look!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything — these Amsterdam youngsters. See them!"

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know: they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway. The pursuit grows furious. Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp! Fly, Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness.



Fly, Peter! The crowd has not gone deranged; it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you. Touch the white column. It beckons; it is reeling before you; it —

“Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the silver skates!”

“*Peter van Holp!*” shouted the crier. But who heard him? “Peter van Holp!” shouted a hundred voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. “Huzza! Huzza!”

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river, facing the van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession gliding along like a living creature. It curved and doubled and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches: whichever way Peter the head went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the center arch; then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away, and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly, and bending low, with quick snakelike curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the farthest arch.



When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, twisting, turning, never losing form, until, at the call of the bugle, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the center, in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said. She is thinking that she ought to make a courtesy, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands. "Oh, oh! how splendid!" she cries, and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces. Madame van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets—one for Hilda, one for Carl and others for Peter and Gretel.

At the sight of the flowers, the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright look of gratitude, she gathers skates and bouquets in her apron, hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.

MARY MAPES DODGE

*From "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates."*



## BETTER THAN GOLD

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please.  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold  
And center there are better than gold.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
Can live with the great and good of yore.  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empires passed away ;  
The world's great dream will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot ;  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

REV. A. J. RYAN

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## A DOG OF FLANDERS



NELLO and Patrasche were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. They were of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young and the other was already old.

Their home was a rude little hut on the edge of a tiny village, a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat breadths of pasture and cornlands, with long lines of poplars and alders bending in the breeze, on the edge of the great canal. There were about a score of houses and homesteads with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and roofs rose-red or black and white, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow.

In the center of the village stood a windmill placed on a little moss-grown slope; and opposite the windmill an old gray church with its conical steeple whose single bell rang morning, noon and night with that strange hollow sadness which every bell that hangs in the Low Countries seems to gain as a part of its melody.

Within sound of this little melancholy bell, almost from their birth upward they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the northeast beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea.



It was indeed a very humble little hut, but clean and white as a seashell, standing in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. This was the home of Jehan Daas, a very old man. When he had reached his full eighty years, his daughter had died and left him her two-year-old son. Little Nello, which was but a pet name for Nicholas, thrived with him, and the old man and the little child lived content in the tiny cottage together.

The old grandfather was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, truthful, tender-natured little creature; and though they were very poor, they were happy, and they asked nothing more except indeed that Patrasche should always be with them, since without Patrasche where would they have been? For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog. He was body, brains, hands, head and feet to both of them.

A dog of Flanders — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, and with strong legs made stronger by hard work. Patrasche had been born of parents that had labored hard all their days over the sharp-set stones of the various cities and the long, shadowless, weary roads of Flanders.

He had been born to no other heritage than that of pain and toil. Before he was fully grown he had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer who was accustomed to wander over the land, north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains.



This man was a sullen, brutal fellow who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might while he himself lounged idly by his side.

Happily for Patrasche he was very strong, so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows and the exhaustion which were the only wages with which his cruel owner repaid the patient, hard-working victim.

One day Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Antwerp. It was full midsummer and very warm. His cart was heavy, piled high with goods in metal and earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by urging him to go faster.

At last, overcome by heat and fatigue, poor Patrasche staggered, and in the middle of the white dusty road in the full glare of the sun he fell, sick unto death and motionless. His master, after vainly attempting to make him rise, concluded that he was dead. He struck off the leathern bands of the harness, drew Patrasche aside into the grass, and muttering savagely to himself began to push the cart along up the hill.

It was the last day before Kermess at Louvain, and hundreds of people passed on their way thither, some on mules or in carts, others on foot tramping quickly and joyously



along. But no one noticed the dog lying so still there in the grass.

After a time, amongst the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes that were for him breast high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met — the little Nello and the big Patrasche. The old man drew the sufferer home to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche drew himself up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the happy little child. He had a corner of the hut with a heap of dry grass for his bed, and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night to tell them that he lived.



When first he was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello in delighted glee hung round his rugged neck chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no blows to rouse and drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him. Long he lay pondering, and with those grave tender brown eyes watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old man could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart with which daily he carried away into the town of Antwerp the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle. But it was becoming hard work for him. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was at least a league away.

Patrasche watched the milk cans go and come that day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites around his tawny neck. The next morning, before old Jehan had touched the cart, the dog arose, and walking to it, placed himself between its handles. Wagging his tail, he looked up into his master's face, testifying as plainly as dumb show could do, his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten.





A DOG CART IN FLANDERS

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The old man resisted long, for, although it is the custom in Holland, he was one of those who think it a shame to bind dogs to labor for which nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid; finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth. At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and gratitude of this creature that he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this the faithful dog did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, the old man thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch that day of the Kermess; for he was very old and he would hardly have known how to get his load of milk cans over the snows if it had not been for the strength and industry of the animal he had befriended.

As for Patrasche, it was bliss to him. After the frightful burdens that his former master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man, who always paid him with a tender caress and a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that he was free to do as he would — to stretch himself to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child or to play with his fellow dogs. Patrasche was indeed very happy.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas, who had always been



a cripple, became so feeble that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart. He sold the milk, received the coins in exchange and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself when the summer came and he was better again had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then pray and doze and dream, then wake again as the clock tolled three and watch for their return.


And on their return, Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day ; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain and the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire ; and then, when the old man had said a prayer, they would lie down together to sleep peacefully and wake refreshed.

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE (Abridged)

From "A Dog of Flanders."



## THE HORSESHOE



N the village of Westmal, some two or three miles from Antwerp, on the road toward Turnhout, stood a little smithy in which four men — the master and his three journeymen — were busy at various work in the way of their trade ; and at the same time were conversing — as much, that is, as the noise of hammers and files would let them — of Napoleon and his mighty deeds of war. One of the journeymen, who had lost two fingers of his left hand, was just beginning a story of the Italian wars when two horsemen pulled up before the door and one of them called out, “*Hola, my men ! my horse wants shoeing.*”

The journeymen looked curiously at the strangers, who by this time had dismounted. They were evidently both military men. One of them had a great scar right across his face and wore a red ribbon in his buttonhole ; the other, though dressed like a gentleman, seemed in some sort his subordinate ; he held the horse by the bridle, and asked, “Which shoe, colonel ?”

“The near forefoot, lieutenant,” was the reply.

One of the journeymen took the horse and led it into the shed ; and meanwhile the colonel entered the smithy, looked about him and took up first one, then another, of the tools, as if looking out for an old acquaintance. At last he seemed to have found what he wanted ; in one hand he held a heavy pair of tongs, in the other a hammer, both of which





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he surveyed with so peculiar a smile that the three journeymen stood round, gaping and staring in no little amazement.

Meanwhile the iron was in the fire, the bellows panted away and a garland of sparks spurted from the glowing coals.

The journeymen stood by the anvil, hammers in hand, till the master took the iron from the fire; then began the work of forging.

The colonel evidently took a lively interest in what was going on; his features lighted up, as they might have done at the finest music.

But when the shoe was taken from the anvil, as ready for putting on, he eyed it a moment not a little disdainfully, took the tongs which held it from the master smith's hand and put it back into the fire.

"That will never, never do," said he; "the shoe's too clumsy by half, master. Now, my lads! look alive! blow away!"

And while one of the journeymen, with an air of great respect, obeyed his directions, he threw off his coat and bared his sinewy arms. Soon the iron was at a white heat; he turned it twice or thrice in the fire with all the air of an experienced hand, laid it on the anvil and then called to the journeymen in a cheerful tone:

"Now, my men! look out! I'll give the tune, and we'll turn out a shoe fit for the Emperor's nags. So now, attention —



Rikketikketak,  
Rikketikketoo ;  
The iron's warm ;  
Up with your arm,  
Now strike, — one, two,  
Rikketikketoo.

Rikketikketak,  
Rikketikketoo,  
Strike while it is hot,  
And tarry not,  
Again — one, two,  
Rikketikketoo.

There, look at the shoe now!"

The journeymen eyed the light neat piece of work agape, and, as it were, struck dumb. The master meanwhile seemed to be turning some thought in his head, which he every now and then shook, as though quite unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion. He drew near the stranger, who by this time had resumed his coat ; but however closely he scanned him he seemed unable to recognize him.

The horse was soon shod, and now stood before the smithy ready for its master to mount. He took leave of the party with a friendly shake of the hand to each, laying also a couple of gold pieces on the anvil.

"One for the master, one for the men. And so good-by to you."

With these words he threw himself into the saddle and rode off with his companion.



"Well," said the master, "I never in my life knew but one man who could knock off a shoe like that — so light and neat, and so handily; and I must be greatly mistaken if the colonel isn't just the great general, Karl van Milgem himself; he, you know — but to be sure you don't know — he that the folks used always to call 'Rikketikketoo.'"

HENRI CONSCIENCE

## THE MOUNTAIN BOY

THE shepherd of the Alps am I;  
The castles far beneath me lie;  
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,  
Here linger last the parting beams,  
The mountain boy am I!

Here is the river's fountainhead —  
I drink it from its stony bed;  
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,  
I seize it ere it gushes out,  
The mountain boy am I!

The mountain is my own domain;  
It calls its storms from sea and plain;  
From north to south they howl afar;  
My voice is heard amid their war,  
The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;  
High stand I here in clear blue sky;



I know them, and to them I call,  
 "In quiet leave my Father's hall,"  
 The mountain boy am I !

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,  
 And mountain balefires call to arms,  
 Then I descend — I join my king,  
 My sword I wave, my lay I sing,  
 The mountain boy am I !

UHLAND

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ



IRT round with rugged mountains  
 The fair Lake Constance lies ;  
 In her blue heart reflected,  
 Shine back the starry skies ;  
 And, watching each white cloudlet  
 Float silently and slow,  
 You think a piece of Heaven  
 Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,  
 Enthroned in Heaven, looks down  
 Upon her own calm mirror,  
 Upon a sleeping town :  
 For Bregenz, that quaint city  
 Upon the Tyrol shore,  
 Has stood above Lake Constance  
 A thousand years and more.



Her battlements and towers,  
From off their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep.  
Mountain and lake and valley  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved one night  
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread ;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz  
With longing and with tears ;  
Her Tyrol home seemed faded  
In a deep mist of years ;  
Yet, when her master's children  
Would clustering round her stand,  
She sang them ancient ballads  
Of her own native land ;

And when at morn and evening  
She knelt before God's throne,  
The accents of her childhood  
Rose to her lips alone.



And so she dwelt : the valley  
More peaceful year by year;  
When suddenly strange portents  
Of some great deed seemed near.

One day, out in the meadow,  
With strangers from the town  
Some secret plan discussing,  
The men walked up and down.  
At eve they all assembled ;  
Then care and doubt were fled ;  
With jovial laugh they feasted ;  
The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village  
Rose up, his glass in hand,  
And cried, "We drink the downfall  
Of an accursed land !  
The night is growing darker ;  
Ere one more day is flown,  
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,  
Bregenz shall be our own !"

The women shrank in terror  
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),  
But one poor Tyrol maiden  
Felt death within her heart.  
Nothing she heard around her  
(Though shouts rang forth again) ;  
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,  
The pasture and the plain ;



Before her eyes one vision,  
And in her heart one cry  
That said, "Go forth ! save Bregenz,  
And then, if need be, die !"  
With trembling haste and breathless,  
With noiseless step she sped ;  
Horses and weary cattle  
Were standing in the shed ;

She loosed the strong white charger  
That fed from out her hand ;  
She mounted, and she turned his head  
Towards her native land.  
Out — out into the darkness —  
Faster, and still more fast ; —  
The smooth grass flies behind her,  
The chestnut wood is past ;

She looks up ; clouds are heavy ;  
Why is her steed so slow ? —  
Scarcely the wind beside them  
Can pass them as they go.  
"Faster !" she cries, "oh, faster !"  
Eleven the church bells chime ;  
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,  
And bring me there in time !"

But louder than bells' ringing,  
Or lowing of the kine,  
Grows nearer in the midnight  
The rushing of the Rhine.



She strives to pierce the blackness,  
And looser throws the rein ;  
Her steed must breast the waters  
That dash above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly,  
He struggles through the foam !  
And see — in the far distance  
Shine out the lights of home !  
Up the steep bank he bears her,  
And now they rush again  
Towards the heights of Bregenz  
That tower above the plain.

They reach the gates of Bregenz  
Just as the midnight rings,  
And out come serf and soldier  
To meet the news she brings.  
Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight  
Her battlements are manned ;  
Defiance greets the army  
That marches on the land.

Three hundred years are vanished,  
And yet upon the hill  
An old stone gateway rises  
To do her honor still.  
And there, when Bregenz women  
Sit spinning in the shade,  
They see in quaint old carving  
The Charger and the Maid.



And when, to guard old Bregenz  
By gateway, street and tower,  
The warder paces all night long  
And calls each passing hour :  
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,  
And then (Oh, crown of Fame !),  
When midnight pauses in the skies,  
He calls the maiden's name !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

### FROST-WORK

THESE winter nights, against my windowpane  
Nature with busy pencil draws designs  
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,  
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,  
Which she will make when summer comes again, —  
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,  
Like curious Chinese etchings. — By and by,  
Walking my leafy garden as of old,  
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye  
In azure, damask, emerald and gold.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



ANCIENT GERMANY AND NORTHWESTERN  
EUROPE

N the northwestern part of Europe, the country is very wild and rugged. There are lofty mountains crowned with forests of pine and fir, with deep valleys between, and many little lakes and swiftly running streams.

Along the seacoast the scenery is especially grand and beautiful. For many miles, long lines of cliff rise from the water's edge, so high and massive that they seem everlasting, while near the shore lie little wooded islands without number.

But though the angry waves seem to beat on those huge cliffs in vain, nevertheless they have after many centuries worn the rocky shore quite away in many places, so that the water stretches far inland in channels which are called fiords. When fierce storms rage over the ocean, great waves plunge into these channels, and dash themselves in fury against the precipitous walls of rock.

The climate here is cold and rigorous, the summers very short and the winters long and severe, while the whole land is wrapped in ice and snow. In the extreme north, it is night nearly all the time in winter, for the sun just peeps above the horizon a little while at midday, and then sinks out of sight again, leaving the world in darkness.

During the summer, the sun shines nearly all the time. It seems to move from east to west and then from west to



east around the rim of the sky, not even dipping below the horizon at all. This is "The Land of the Midnight Sun" as it is sometimes called, or "The Land of the Long Night." Farther south, in Norway, in Sweden, in Denmark and in northern Germany, the climate is still very cold, the summers short and the winters long and severe.

In this northern land lived many years ago a bold, handsome, vigorous race of men, rugged and strong like their own mountains. The northern tribes were called Northmen or Norsemen, those farther south Teutons or Germans. These men were the ancestors of all the German and the English speaking peoples, and were of the same stock as the Celtic races also. They were brave, warlike, energetic, proud, often cruel, I am sorry to say, but honest and truthful.

It is difficult to take the mind back to a time when these countries in northern Europe, now so progressive and far advanced in civilization and culture, contained no cities, possessed few industries and no art, when the people knew nothing of books, music or pictures.

They lived in mud huts scattered about in fields or groves where small clearings had been made in the forests. Much of their time they spent in hunting and in fishing, but they herded sheep and cattle, and they tilled the land to some extent, for they had learned to raise wheat, which as you know is the best grain for cold climates.

But at heart they were fighters. War was their chief delight and pastime, and they were often in fierce battles,





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"WAR WAS THEIR CHIEF DELIGHT"



carrying on raids and expeditions, one tribe against another. They loved the wild mountains and the raging tempests and the sea ; and they loved to venture forth on the stormy waters in their rude little ships. Some of these old vikings were so daring that they sailed across the broad Atlantic. They were the first Europeans to see this continent.

The boys in the Northland, like those of Sparta, were inured from their earliest years to strenuous exercise and hardship, and like the Spartan youth, they gloried in their physical strength and courage. In the following stanzas from a famous poem by Longfellow, we have a very vivid picture of the boyhood life of the Norsemen. An old viking is telling of his childhood by the wild Baltic's strand.

“Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon ;  
And, with my skates fast bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the werewolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.”



It is interesting to know what our remote ancestors thought about government, and how they managed to rule the state which was then only in its infancy. So far as we know, every German and Norse tribe had its chief, and probably from the chiefs of several tribes a king was elected. The chiefs corresponded to the nobles of a later day.

The king was not a despot ; his power was limited by the assembly of the people, which met at least once a year. This primitive assembly, in which the people gave their consent to the laws by shouting or clashing their arms, was the forerunner of the English parliament, the Congress of the United States and every representative body of men ; the difference being that in these modern assemblies the people are represented by men whom they elect to make the laws, while in the old assemblies the people as a whole came together to make laws for themselves.

The religion of the Germans and of the Northmen was a strange heathen religion much like that of the ancient Britons of whom you have read. Like the Britons and the Greeks also, they worshiped many gods and goddesses, who, they thought, had control of all those wonderful things which we know as the forces of nature. For they had never learned of the One True God, who made heaven and earth.

There were gods of the earth and of the sea ; of the sun and of the moon ; of spring and of summer ; of lightning and of fire — all of whom were sometimes friendly and sometimes very unfriendly to men. The sun god, for instance, was usually very gracious, bringing them light and warmth, and



ripening the grain and fruits. But sometimes the heat was fierce and burning, and then they said, "He is shooting us with his arrows."

In order therefore to gain his favor and to avoid his displeasure, they must sacrifice to him, so they thought. Some one must light a fire just before they wanted him to rise, and the priests, who were called Druids, must stand facing the east and be ready to worship him as soon as he should break over the horizon.

Many were the weird stories told of the gods; of their dwelling among the impenetrable branches of the oldest trees and in the caverns of the shaggy mountains, of their riding on the horses of the wind and hurling spears of lightning against their foes.

The world was full of strange beings. Giants were rolling huge stones down the hillsides, or tossing the waves of the restless sea. Elves and fairies danced on the green hills under the summer moon, and dwarfs and kobolds were busily mining in the mountains, their little hammers going *Tink, Tank*, all day and all night, deep down in the earth. Wood sprites were hiding in the leafy thickets, and nymphs and water kelpies were peeping up out of the cool bright waters, as they glanced and dimpled in the sunlight.

Myths and folk tales are very, very old, and they are found in every part of the world. Each country has its own particular fund of stories which were believed and repeated for hundreds of years. And yet there is a strange



resemblance among them. It is not unusual even to find the same story in countries thousands of miles apart. In the folklore of "Uncle Remus," in the Greek and Roman myths and in those of northern Europe which we are now studying, we can often trace the same quaint thoughts of primitive peoples.

These tales always embody in their poetical fancies some truth or fact in nature, so that they lead directly to the study of nature and to sympathy with all its forms. For this reason, they have an immense advantage over stories of mere fancy, and they are so interesting and so different from other stories that almost every one wishes to know them and enjoys reading them.

The ancient myths have always been prime favorites with the poets and with other writers, who frequently allude to them in their works. As we read more and more of the world's best literature, we shall find the mythical tales running all through it, and we must know the stories if we wish to appreciate and enjoy the literature.

Besides all this, mythology teaches us many things about the people who lived so long ago. In order really to understand the history of any country we must know what the people thought and believed as well as what they did. For what people think and believe will always determine very largely what they do.

And as we learn about each country, we shall find that just as St. Paul came to Greece to preach Christianity to the people, so sometime in the midst of heathen darkness,



some great, noble-hearted missionary has always come to bring the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ. We have read of St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Columba in Scotland, St. Augustine in England; and to these illustrious names we will now add that of the great St. Boniface, the Apostle to the Germans.

But before we read of his coming, let us spend a little more time with the old Germans and Northmen, and let us listen to some of their queer old stories. In this way we shall learn to know them better and we shall also better understand many of our own customs, manners, laws and institutions, and our literature as well, for the foundations of all these were laid by this fine old race of men.





## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

[In this poem reference is made to the early visit of the Norse Vikings to this country about A.D. 1000.

The skeleton of a man in complete armor was found some years ago by workmen who were digging down a small hill at Fall River, Massachusetts. It was supposed by many to be that of a Norse warrior who perhaps came to America in company with Leif the Lucky.

The "lofty tower" mentioned in the poem, "which to this day stands looking seaward," is an old round tower at Newport, Rhode Island. It is in exactly the same "round arch" style of architecture as the ancient stone edifices in the North, and was probably built not later than the twelfth century.

On this twofold historic basis, the finding of the skeleton and the round tower at Newport, the poet Longfellow has founded his little story, which, in imagination, is told to him by the old sea rover of the Northland.]



PEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !

Who, with thy hollow breast

Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me !

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,

But with thy fleshless palms

Stretched, as if asking alms,

Why dost thou haunt me ?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise,

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December ;



And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old !  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald <sup>1</sup> in song has told,  
No Saga <sup>2</sup> taught thee !  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse,  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon ;  
And, with my skates fast bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow ;

<sup>1</sup> Skald, a bard or poet of the ancient Northmen

<sup>2</sup> Sa'ga, a Norse tale or tradition





(1683)

A CORSAIR'S CREW



Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the werewolf's <sup>1</sup> bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout <sup>2</sup>  
Wore the long winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;

<sup>1</sup> were'wolf, a person transformed into a wolf, according to the superstitious belief

<sup>2</sup> was'sail-bout, a carousal, or drinking time



And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest’s shade  
Our vows we plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter’s hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,



From the deep drinking horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea mew’s flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me —  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen ! —  
When on the white sea strand,  
Waving his armèd hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast  
When the wind failed us ;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.



“And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,  
    ‘Death without quarter!’  
Midships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden —  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloudlike we saw the shore  
    Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears;



## FIFTH BOOK

She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    Oh, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended !  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland ! *skoal!*"  
    Thus the tale ended.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



## THE HEROES OF ASGARD



IGHT hundred years ago, while still the ships of the bold Norsemen were skimming through mist and snow far into the western seas, or were riding at anchor along Mediterranean shores, there was a great student in Iceland, a wise man who was busy collecting and writing down the old legends and stories about the gods and the giants.

This was Sæmund the Wise. He was a young Christian priest who had been educated in the schools of France and of Germany. On his return to Iceland, his native land, he became the parish priest of a little village at the foot of Mt. Hecla, and here he devoted much time to the study of the Northern literature and mythology.

It is to his labors that we are indebted for nearly everything we know of this fascinating subject. The old, old stories that had been repeated for hundreds of years beside the Norse firesides in the long winter evenings were now related to him by aged men and women, who had learned them in their youth from the lips of their parents.

These tales were told in rhyme and bits of poetry, which Sæmund succeeded in getting little by little, and which with infinite care and pains he wrote in a book henceforth known as the Edda. The word Edda meant great-grandmother, the ancient mother of Scandinavian knowledge, or perhaps this name was given to it because the stories were repeated by grandmothers to their grandchildren.



This wonderful old book constitutes a great wealth of poetic literature. In its quaint songs and ballads we find stories of legendary Norse heroes whom the people loved to glorify, and ancient myths of gods and goddesses, which embody for us the life and religion of our ancestors.

The home of the gods, as we read in these old poems, was Asgard, a beautiful city on Ida Plain at the top of a very high mountain. This mountain rose out of the center of the earth, and was so high that it overlooked all lands and seas.

The city was pleasantly shaded from the fierce heat of the sun and shielded from the bitter blasts of winter by an immense tree called Yggdrasil, the roots of which encircled the earth and extended far below even to Jötenheim, the home of the Jötens or frost giants. Around all lay the deep, deep sea.

In this lovely city there were beautiful palaces for all the gods, but those belonging to King Woden were the finest and most splendid. One of them was called Valhalla, "the house of the slain." This was the home to which Woden welcomed all men who had died in battle fighting bravely, for he was the god of valor and the friend of heroes. Valhalla is thus described in one of the old songs:

"Five hundred doors  
And forty more  
Methinks are in Valhalla.  
Eight hundred heroes through each door  
Shall issue forth  
Against the foe to combat."



Among the gods and goddesses there were several besides Woden who were especially interested and active in the affairs of men. They were Queen Frigga the Generous, goddess of the earth ; Balder the Beautiful, god of the sun ; Freya the Good, goddess of spring ; Frey the Kind, god of summer ; Thor the Terrible, god of thunder and lightning ; Tyr the Brave, god of courage, and Loki the Mischievous, god of fire.

These were all very wise and very good too, as those who are really wise always are, except Loki, the fire god. He was unreliable and often very troublesome. It was probable, so the people thought, that he was not a true divinity of Asgard like the others, but that he originally came from the earth. However that might have been, he was invited by Woden, who had made his acquaintance in some way, to come to Asgard and take up his permanent abode there.

At first they all liked him very much, and Woden especially was delighted with his presence, and would not even give a banquet without him. Loki was extremely useful on these occasions, for he was very genial in helping to entertain the guests, and he probably assisted in the preparation of the food.

But a sorry day it was for the gods when Loki came to the city. He had to be watched constantly or he would get them all into trouble. If anything went wrong in Asgard, the one of whom they thought first and the one who was usually to blame was Loki, the fire god.



Tyr the Brave, the god of courage, was always a help and a comfort. At one time when the city was in great danger, Tyr alone was brave and unselfish enough to save it from destruction. This is the story :

There were upon the earth a great many monsters and demons of all kinds, who by enchantment could change themselves into any form they chose. One of these evil ones in the form of a young wolf once found his way even into the city of the gods.

The little wolf seemed perfectly harmless and at first the gods fed and petted him every day, but as he grew larger he became very fierce, and at length they realized that he must be bound securely or he would certainly destroy them all. So they tied him with heavy chains again and again, but again and again he broke them.

Finally, by dint of great care and effort, they succeeded in making a chain large and strong enough to hold him. But even then the wolf would not allow them to wind it around him, unless he were permitted to take the right hand of one of the gods between his savage teeth. Who among the gods would be willing to lose his right hand for their common welfare ?

In this terrible emergency Tyr the Brave stepped forward, and nobly offered to make the great sacrifice. So the savage beast was chained at last, and the gods were safe.

Can you think what this story meant to the people ? It meant that one hateful sin, however small it might seem,



was like a little wolf and that if it were allowed to grow it might destroy even the gods themselves.

Thor the Terrible, the god of thunder and of lightning, was a great warrior. He was the strongest of all the gods, and the one who protected the earth and the sky against the frost giants, those bitter enemies of gods and men.

In his battles with the giants, the weapon which he always used was a very wonderful hammer, so prodigiously large and heavy that with one blow he could tear open a mountain or shatter the hardest metal. Nothing could withstand it.

Besides this magic weapon, Thor possessed two other very valuable and remarkable things; a famous belt of strength which made him doubly strong, and an iron gauntlet which he was careful to put on whenever he touched the thunder hammer, for it was always intensely hot.

Thor usually rode forth on his journeys in a chariot drawn by a pair of white goats, and as he swung his mighty magic hammer, huge masses of clouds piled high above his head, the lightning flashed and deep peals of thunder rolled and rumbled over the mountain tops. When the frost giants heard Thor's chariot wheels, they were glad to scramble back to Jötenheim as fast as possible.

This impetuous old nature god was a great favorite with the people, for, as they said, although he was hot tempered his anger was soon over, and he was frank and honest and ever ready to fight for the defense of gods and men. They loved him for his loyalty and feared him for his power.



Indeed, so persistently did they cling to their belief in Thor that when finally Christianity overcame paganism in these northern countries, this was the most stubborn of all superstitions, and the most difficult for the missionaries thoroughly to eradicate from the hearts of the people.

The memory of some of these ancient gods is still preserved in quaint old folk stories, and especially in names of things which date back to heathen times. In Denmark, Sweden and Iceland there is a beautiful white wild flower "fair as the sun" which is called "Balder's Brow," and in Norway the smooth wedge-shaped stones found in the earth are still called "Thor's wedges." The people used to believe that Thor often threw these stones at gnomes and giants when they were too troublesome.

Our names for the days of the week also remind us of the old pagan divinities, for Tuesday is Tyr's Day, Wednesday Woden's Day, Thursday Thor's Day and Friday Frey's Day. We shall find many such references to these old gods in our reading and even in the language which we use every day.

Woden, who was the king of all gods, was also the god of wisdom, and he was always glad to bestow this treasure on all who really deserved it. He himself had not been able to obtain wisdom except through great effort and sacrifice.

When the world was still young and there were many things which even the gods did not understand, Woden had sought counsel of a very wise old giant named Memory.



This giant was so very old that he could remember everything that had ever happened. His eyes were as clear and steady as the stars, and his face was always calm and peaceful. Day and night he kept guard over a deep well which was called the Well of Wisdom. It was said that whoever drank the clear sparkling water of this well would straightway become wonderfully wise.

"O Memory," said Woden eagerly, as he gazed down into the quiet depths, "I pray you, give me to drink from your precious well of wisdom."

"Ah," said Memory, gravely, "this water can be obtained only at great cost. I never give it to those who simply ask for it. Are you able and willing to pay the price?"

Now Woden wanted to be wise and good very much indeed, so he answered earnestly, "Yes, I am able and I am willing. I will pay you whatever you ask."

At this Memory looked intently at Woden for a moment, and then said, "Are you willing to give up a part of yourself? Are you willing to sacrifice one of your eyes to gain wisdom?"

"I am willing," replied Woden.

Then Memory gave a great draught of that clear pure water to Woden, who drank deeply and went away rejoicing. He could richly afford, he thought, to sacrifice even so precious a thing as one of his eyes in order to obtain wisdom.

In these modern times, Memory never requires us to give up one of our eyes, but he does demand from us much time and effort. If we will give these, we may draw from his well of wisdom just as much as we can drink.





THOR AND THRYM THE KING OF THE FROST GIANTS  
(176)



## THOR AND HIS HAMMER

How He once lost it and how He finally found it



HE frost giants were always lurking about, trying to get into Asgard. Already they had gained almost the entire control of the earth. For more than half the year, they held it in their iron grasp, locking in ice the lakes and rivers and sternly hushing all babbling brooks and singing birds.

The giants hated the warm sunshine, the sweet wild flowers, the fresh green fields and meadows. They hated Freya, the lovely goddess of spring, whose coming stirred the streams in their rocky beds and woke the music of birds and bees.

They hated Balder, the beautiful sun god, who brought the golden summer time back to the icebound land. Above all they hated Thor, the thunder god, who kept watch over the summer sky, and who with one blow of his hammer could send them all scurrying back to Jötenheim. There was nothing they feared so much as Thor's terrible hammer.

One morning in early spring, Thor awoke after a long quiet sleep and put out his hand for the hammer, but no hammer was there. He started up with a cry of alarm, calling his wife, Sif of the long golden hair, and his two lovely daughters to come quickly and help him find his precious weapon.

They searched and they searched in every nook and corner



of Cloudland, tumbling and tossing the big black clouds about and peeping and prying behind each mass, but all in vain. The hammer was nowhere to be found.

Then Thor's eyes flashed like fire and his voice trembled with anger, for a thought of the giants came into his mind.

"Loki, Loki," he called, "come here. My hammer is gone. The giants must have stolen it. They have come like thieves in the night and have carried it away."

"What!" exclaimed Loki, "the hammer gone? That will make us trouble enough, and what will the little earth people do without the thunder? The giants would give it up if Freya, the goddess of spring would gently ask them for it. But it is of no use to talk about that, for Freya would never go to Jötenheim; she is far too timid. However, I will tell you, Thor, what I could do. If Freya would only lend me her falcon guise, I could fly down to the giants' cave and snatch the hammer out of their hands."

Freya was very glad indeed to do anything in her power to please Thor, and especially to help him get back the precious hammer, which they all needed so much. She went at once for the magic dress of feathers with which she was accustomed to cover herself and to fly like a great beautiful bird all over the world.

Loki was soon fully dressed in the plumage, and spreading his great wings, he flew like the wind out of Asgard and down, down over the fresh green fields, on and on toward the great ocean. The farmers, looking up, saw the broad shadows as he passed, which were like the shadows of the



clouds on the waving grass, and they said, "Some great bird is flying seaward, or it may be that Freya is going away."

Loki at last reached Jötenheim, and taking off the falcon guise, he went at once in search of Thrym, the king of the frost giants. He soon found him under a fir tree playing with his dogs.

"Good morning, little Loki," shouted the giant in his big bass voice, which he always tried to make as heavy as Thor's thunder. "How is everything in Asgard and Elf-land?"

"Things are going very badly with us," replied Loki. "Thor is out of sorts because some one has stolen his magic hammer. It must have been you, Thrym, for no one else is bold and strong enough to do it. You are more powerful than Thor himself."

This he said to flatter the giant, watching him slyly the while. "But come, Thrym," he added, "let Thor have his precious toy. He is so unhappy without it, and you are so strong, you do not need it."

Then the giant threw back his big head, and laughed as I suppose only a giant can laugh. "You shall not have it," he said at last. "I have hidden it where none of you gods could ever find it, down, down below the white-capped waves, many fathoms deep. However, I will get it myself and send it back to Asgard on one condition — that you will give me Freya the beautiful to be my wife. On that condition alone will I ever give up Thor's hammer."



Loki saw that it was of no use to argue, for the giant looked as if he meant what he said. So once more donning the falcon guise, he flew with all speed back to Asgard.

"Put on your bridal gown, Freya," he said, "and come with me to Jötenheim. The king of the giants says he will return the hammer if you will be his wife."

But Freya had not the least idea of wedding a giant even to get back the precious thunder hammer. How could the sweet, gentle spring marry the cruel frost? Of course she would have nothing to do with the affair, and she told Loki as much. Indeed, that he should even suggest such a thing threw her into passionate tears, and at the same time she could not help smiling, for she knew the gods would never allow her to go.

No, the gods would not part with Freya, but what should they do? Asgard was in great danger; the frost giants might come at any time and seize the city. Something must be done at once. They held counsel together day after day, but could form no plan for safety.

At length Heimdal, the watchman, who always sat on guard at the gate of the city, said, "Of course we cannot part with Freya; that is quite impossible. But I have a suggestion; let Thor be dressed in bridal robes, and let him go himself for the hammer. He alone is able to cope with these giants."

Then Thor's face flushed angrily. "What! dress me up like a girl?" he asked indignantly. "I should be the jest of gods and men. Never should I hear the last of it."



"Talk not of jests," said Loki, who was secretly rather glad to see others in trouble. "If the giants come and seize Asgard, it will be your own fault."

Thor said no more, but allowed himself to be dressed as a bride. It was indeed a funny sight. If the goddesses had dared, they would have laughed in high glee, but they stood too much in awe of Thor the Terrible.

So keeping their faces as straight as possible, they brushed and braided his golden hair, and placed upon it a dainty headdress of silk and pearls. About his stalwart form they draped a delicate robe of green and white, Freya's most beautiful gown. Around his neck they hung a string of pearls, and at his waist a jingling bunch of keys, for these were always worn by brides in the Northland. Finally they threw over his head a long white veil, saying that now he was quite ready.

"O Thor, what a lovely bride you are!" snickered Loki. "I will gladly go with you as your bridesmaid."

"Come, then," said Thor, sulkily. This adventure was not at all to his liking, but he yearned to get his hammer once more in his good right hand.

There was never such a wedding journey before. They rode in Thor's war chariot, and as the snow-white goats galloped along at full speed thunder rolled and rumbled over the mountains. The people down below looked up in wonder, exclaiming, "Just hear it thunder. Thor is taking a long journey to-night."

It was indeed a long journey to Jötenheim, but the goats



were very fleet, and in good time the wedding party arrived. When Thrym heard the sound of approaching wheels, he was filled with excitement and pleasure.

"What ho!" he shouted to his servants. "My bride is here. Bring silken cushions to the banquet table, and be ready, all ye giants, to welcome her."

Then he called six dwarf kings in magnificent livery to throw open the doors and usher in the bridal party. These kings had come from the center of the earth at his bidding to be present on this joyful occasion, the Gold King splendidly attired in yellow, the Silver King in sparkling white, the Lead King in gray, the Iron King in black, the Copper King in flaming bronze and the Tin King in gleaming tinsel.

Bowing politely, they all hastened forward to let down the chariot steps and to escort their new mistress into the palace. But she, stepping forth, stalked to the door as if she was in no need of assistance, and the servants meekly followed in astonishment.

It was now evening, and in the banquet hall the feast was already spread to celebrate the wedding. On a golden throne King Thrym took his seat with his lovely bride beside him, her veil drawn modestly over her face. Loki, with his hands meekly folded like a girl, sat near, for he wished to be ready with excuses and explanations which he knew would be needed for Thor's mistakes.

All the giants ate enormously, as you would naturally



suppose, but Thor's conduct at table was certainly most surprising in a dainty maiden. For, first of all, as it was reported, a whole roasted ox gradually disappeared under the filmy veil, then eight large salmon, which were apparently very much to the lady's taste, then a large plateful of cakes and sweetmeats.

This story was probably much exaggerated, but Thor certainly did eat very heartily after his long journey, and it is no wonder that the guests stole sly glances at one another in their astonishment.

The bridegroom was at first too polite to speak of this or seem to notice it, but at length he could contain himself no longer, and he burst out, exclaiming, "Did anybody ever see such an appetite in a maiden before, or know a bride who could drink so much mead?"

At this, Loki who was on the alert to atone for any mistakes interposed hastily. "Freya was so happy, Thrym, at the thought of being your bride that she has eaten nothing for eight whole days."

Thrym was greatly pleased at this mark of affection, and in his delight he leaned forward to lift the corner of Freya's veil, in order to catch a glimpse of her lovely face. But so fiery a look met his that he dropped the veil instantly. Turning once more to Loki, he whispered in great agitation, "What makes Freya's eyes so sharp? They flash like lightning and burn like fire."

"Oh," replied the cunning bridesmaid, "do not be surprised if Freya's eyes are sharp. The truth is, she was so



delighted to come that she has not slept for more than a week."

All the guests looked on in silence, and no one envied Thrym. They were very much afraid that the new queen was not especially sunny and pleasant in her disposition.

At last the giant grew impatient in spite of Loki's soothing words. "Bring in the wedding gift," he cried; "bring in the hammer, and I will present it to Freya as I promised."

Oh, then, if you could have seen Thor's eyes flash under the white veil! How he longed to feel the hammer once more in his strong right hand! But he sat demurely beside Thrym, with hands folded and head bowed like a bashful bride.

The hammer was brought, and now every one expected to see the marriage ceremony, but they saw something entirely different. No sooner did that gentle bride touch the precious weapon with the tips of her fingers than she gave a most unmaidenlike roar. Freya's beautiful robe and the bridal veil were torn off and trampled under foot, and there stood Thor the Terrible, the enemy of all giants, the very one whom they most dreaded to see.

"Thief," he cried to the frightened Thrym. "Did you suppose you could conquer the gods? Let this be a lesson to you and to all the race of frost giants." He swung his terrible hammer above his head, there was a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, and the walls of the castle shook and trembled.



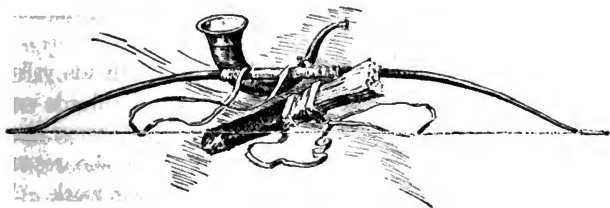
The giants had scattered in every direction. Not one was left. Loki alone stood there holding his sides with laughter. "O Thor, my dainty maiden, if you could only have seen how droll —"

But Thor was in no mood for joking. "Hark now, Loki," he said, "if you have enjoyed this adventure, well and good, but such masquerading is not to my taste. Now let there be an end to this affair. Never mention the subject to me or to any one in Asgard. I will bear no more trifling."

Then calling his faithful goats up to the door, Thor wearily stepped into his chariot, which rumbled slowly back toward Asgard, where all were anxiously awaiting him.

So this is the end of the tale which tells how Thor once lost his hammer and how he finally found it, to the great delight of the gods.

It is said that thenceforth he never allowed it to leave his hand, but guarded it day and night. At any rate, it is certain that whenever Thor the Thunderer was within hearing, the frost giants would not come near or in any way molest the homes either of gods or men. And that is true even to this day.





## THE DEATH OF BALDER



BALDER, the god of the sun, was the most beautiful of all the gods and the most beloved, because he was the noblest and the best. Wherever Balder went he was hailed with delight, for his coming was like the coming of sunshine, bringing joy and happiness to gods and men.

It was Balder who sent back to earth soft winds and gentle skies, green fields, babbling brooks and warbling birds. It was Balder who made the flowers to bloom and fruit and grain to ripen. Everything in earth and sea and sky seemed to smile and to glow with pleasure when Balder the Beautiful came back again.

And the hearts of men were full of gentleness and peace. As they looked up into the clear blue sky, they forgot all hatred and malice, and they wished they could lead such lives as Balder's, bright and pure and lovely.

Now Balder was always all life and gayety, so sunny and happy that it seemed as if no darkness nor sorrow could ever come near him. But one day a shade of sadness crept over his bright face, his eyes grew dim and his joyous smile faded.

It was a perfect day in early autumn. The fields yellow with ripened grain lay sleeping in the sun; the fiords were flashing and sparkling in the light; the hillsides were glowing with goldenrod, asters and gentians, and the reapers were singing blithely as they went forth to their work. All



the world was basking in light and sunshine, and still there was a touch of sadness about the peaceful scene, a shadow of something which made Balder the Beautiful very quiet and thoughtful. The air was full of a vague foreboding. It seemed to whisper softly, furtively, of some change, some grief in store for him.

That night a strange dream disturbed his rest. He dreamed that a dark cloud crept up over the sun, hiding it from sight. He looked to see it pass away as it had come, but it did not pass. It covered the bright face of the sun like a black veil; there was no cheer, no light, no warmth. The flowers faded and died; the birds and brooks hushed their music; the beasts crept softly away to their mountain dens; the trees shivered with cold, tossing their naked branches against the leaden sky, and all the fair fields lay grief stricken and desolate. There was weeping and wailing through all the world, and Balder heard the sad cry: "The sun has gone, the summer is past, winter and cold and darkness have come. Balder the Beautiful is dead."

Then Balder awoke with a start and a cry of pain. But the skies were blue, the air soft and balmy in this lovely October weather. All nature was rejoicing in warmth and beauty. The dream could not be true, but nevertheless a strange sadness fell on Balder's bright spirit. He could bear it no longer, so he went forth to find the gods and tell them of his terrible dream. Perhaps they could do something to prevent its fulfillment.

In wonder and dismay the gods listened to the story, and



every face grew heavy with anxiety and sadness. What if anything should really happen to Balder, their own beautiful Balder? It would be like the going out of the sun and the death of all things. What could they do to avert a catastrophe so terrible?

At length Queen Frigga, Balder's mother, bethought her of this plan: she would travel all over the wide world, her own domain, and from everything on the earth she would exact a promise never to harm Balder in any way. This, she said, would certainly be a great precaution. He would then be perfectly safe.

So she set forth on her journey. First she went to all beasts in forest, field, and mountain, and begged them never with claws, horns, or hoofs to do any injury to Balder. "What!" they exclaimed, "do any injury to Balder? Certainly not. We love him too well for that. He is always kind and gentle to us. No, indeed, we would never harm Balder."

Then Frigga spoke to the birds and insects, to fishes and reptiles, imploring each one to give her the promise, and all readily gave it. "Harm Balder!" they cried; "why, he is the best friend we have in all the world. Our talons, stings, teeth, and fangs are to protect us from our enemies, not to injure our friends."

So the anxious mother journeyed on, all over the earth, step by step, and all things eagerly pledged themselves, all trees, shrubs and vines, air, fire and water, stone, iron and all metals, each in turn willingly, gladly, gave the promise.



Then Queen Frigga, weary but very happy, turned her steps homeward, and at last she reached Asgard with the joyful news that now Balder would be safe, for there was nothing in all the world that would do him any harm.

Great was the rejoicing among the gods when they heard of Frigga's success. It seemed like one of their famous victories over the frost giants. They would assemble on Ida Plain, they said, and there with sports and merrymaking they would celebrate the love of all nature for Balder the Beautiful. Since there was nothing in the whole world that would hurt him, what fun it would be to throw all kinds of weapons and see if they would touch him.

So forming a circle around Balder as he stood there bright and smiling as sunlight, they began the sport, throwing stones and hurling darts, shooting him with arrows, beating him with sticks and clubs, and attacking him with spears and battle-axes. But all these things glanced aside and fell harmless at his feet, for neither stone nor wood nor iron nor flint would break the solemn promise given to Queen Frigga never to harm dear Balder. It was a merry, merry frolic, and a shout of laughter burst forth from the group as each missile went whizzing through the air and dropped harmlessly to the ground.

But there was one in the joyous circle who did not laugh at the sport. He kept aloof with a frown on his face and hatred in his heart. This was Loki, the fire god, the one so prone to mischief and trouble, so full of tricks and meanness.



He envied all the gods because they were good and happy, and he was wicked and miserable. He envied Woden for his wisdom, Tyr for his courage, Thor for his strength, and Balder for his beauty. And now as he saw so much honor paid to Balder he was more than ever jealous and envious, and he went about thinking how he might destroy him. So while all the other gods were eagerly joining in the game, Loki stole away unseen, plotting evil and mischief.

Now it happened that at this time Queen Frigga sat at home busily spinning the fleecy clouds, and a pleased smile was on her face as the soft breeze through the open window brought her the sounds of merry shouts and laughter.

Suddenly an old woman appeared in the doorway. Leaning upon her staff she paused, and thus she began to speak :

"Good morrow, my lady, do you know what they are doing out on Ida Plain? They are throwing stones and all kinds of missiles at Balder, and, wonderful to relate, nothing hurts him in the least. He stands there as bright and smiling as the sunlight."

"Yes," answered Frigga, joyfully, "nothing will ever harm him; for I have made everything on the earth promise me never to injure my dear son."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the old woman, "and has everything, every single thing in the whole world given you that promise?"





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FRIGA SPINNING THE CLOUDS



"Yes," replied Frigga, "everything, that is, except one tiny little shrub, very small and harmless, and I didn't take the trouble to visit it."

"And what is that harmless little shrub, my dear?" asked the old woman, her eyes twinkling with wicked delight.

"It is the mistletoe that grows on an oak tree over in the meadow east of Valhalla," answered Frigga.

"Well, well, surely that could do no harm," said the old woman. "I will go back now and watch them at their play. Good day, my lady," and with that she hobbled away.

But no sooner was she out of sight than she suddenly became erect. She shook off her old bonnet and shawl, and there in place of a poor old woman, feeble and bent, stood wicked Loki himself.

Hurrying away to the meadow east of Valhalla, he picked a sprig of mistletoe and in a trice was back again on Ida Plain, where the gods were still at their merry game. Going up to Höder, the blind brother of Balder, he said, "Why do you not throw something in honor of dear Balder?"

"Alas," replied poor Höder, "I haven't anything to throw, and besides I can't see where Balder stands."

"I will find something for you," said wicked Loki, "and I will guide your hand. Here is a tiny green twig. That will make a fine little arrow."

Höder, thinking no evil, took the twig from Loki's hand



and did as he was bidden. Oh, the dreadful thing that then befell! Away flew the little arrow straight to Balder's heart, and in a moment the beautiful god of the sun lay dead upon the field. Alas! the dream had come true.

"So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round  
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts, and spears,  
Which all the gods in sport had idly thrown  
At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove;  
But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough  
Of mistletoe, which Loki the Accuser gave  
To Höder, and unwitting Höder threw.  
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The gods could not speak for horror. Like statues they stood for an instant, and then a long cry of sorrow and dismay burst from their lips. The end of sunshine and summer and happiness had come. A dark shadow of gloom spread itself over earth and sky; the birds that had sung carols of joy to the morning were silent; the sweet flowers that sprang up in the fields to greet Balder all faded and died, for the light of the summer had gone. Balder, the beautiful god of the sun, was dead.

Then the gods with sorrowful hearts began to prepare for Balder's funeral. They lifted his lifeless form upon their war shields and bore it down to the sea, where his own beautiful ship lay waiting. Gently they laid him upon a pile of crimson velvet and cloth of gold. They placed beside him his bow and spear, his sword and shield.



And then as the custom was, the great funeral pyre was lighted, a sudden gleam of brightness flashed out over the water, the flames rose higher and higher, until the horizon was blazing and the heavens were filled with a lurid fire.

Slowly the great ship moved out to sea, and at last it sank beneath the waves, just as we have seen the sun slip below the western horizon on some still November evening, leaving a faint glow of brightness to lighten the world for a little while. So Balder's ship sank into the sea. He was gone, the beautiful summer was ended, and the long cold winter waited at the doors.

## NOVEMBER

THE birds have flown away,  
The flowers are dead and gone,  
The clouds look cold and gray  
Around the setting sun.  
The clouds look cold and gray  
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs  
Their naked branches swing;  
The winter winds arise,  
And mournfully they sing.  
The winter winds arise,  
And mournfully they sing.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN



## YULETIDE CUSTOMS



YOU have noticed in the early winter that the sun seems to sink lower and lower in the south. We do not see it so high up in the sky as in the glad summer time, when the fields and meadows are fresh and green, when fruit and berries are on trees and bushes, and when grain and nuts are ripening.

Day by day it drops lower and lower toward the south, and the days grow shorter and shorter. Then it seems to hesitate. Will it turn and come back, or will it sink out of sight forever? We know that it will return and will bring again the joyous summer, but the people long ago were afraid that it had gone forever. They thought the gods were angry with them and were taking away the light and warmth of the sun.

Oh, how cold and cruel was the winter! How hard it was to get food! How terrible it would be if spring should never come again!

But perhaps they could appease the gods. Perhaps if they should do certain things on the shortest days of the year, the sun god would turn back and begin to creep a little higher in the sky, until at last the beautiful summer should come once more.



So, old and young, men, women and children, must hasten to the forest, and there under the sacred oak, Thor's own tree, with the mistletoe twining about it, they must worship the gods with sacrifices, feasting and mirth.

They must hail the oak with reverence and delight, and if the Druid priest so proclaimed, they must be willing to sacrifice even the one nearest and dearest to them. This was a solemn duty with our ancestors, a duty which they must perform, for only thus, according to their belief, could the cruel gods be propitiated.

And they must let these gods understand in some way just what it was they wanted. They must show them by signs how cold and hungry the people were and how they longed for the summer. And so, they counterfeited sunshine and warmth by lighting tapers and by burning in the fire-place a huge log of sacred oak. They brought into their houses the evergreen trees of the woodland and decked them with nuts and apples, and they hung there long garlands of holly and mistletoe, for in these the spirits of the growing things had taken refuge, they thought, against the cruel blasts of winter.

The last sheaf of wheat was left standing in the fields, not to feed the hungry birds as the custom now is, but to give the grain to King Woden's horse. All these things and more were to appease the anger of the gods and to gain their favor.

But with the coming of Christianity, all this was changed, and now the old customs have for us a very different sig-



nificance. The fir tree has become our Christmas Tree, which we call the tree of the Christ Child, for it commemorates the Holy Night when Christ was born. On each little twig we see a cross, and we think how He suffered death for us upon the Cross.

There is a beautiful little legend which says that three messengers, Faith, Hope and Love, were sent down from Heaven to find the first Christmas tree. Going to the forest, they searched for one that should be as high as hope, as wide as love and one that should bear a cross on every twig as a symbol of our faith. Many trees were high and wide, but there was only one, the balsam fir, on which they found the cross, so the balsam fir was chosen.

On the Christmas tree we see many lights burning brightly, and these should bring to our minds the thought that Christ is the Light of the world. The star on the tree typifies for us the star that led the Wise Men of the East to the manger. The nuts and fruits bid us be thankful for the harvest and for all temporal gifts from God's bountiful hand. And the Christmas gifts remind us of the great gift to the world in the birth of Our Lord upon earth.

So the Christmas tree, with all that it bears, should be for us a symbol of Christianity, a beautiful sign of "the tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people."



## THE MISTLETOE



DRUID stood in the dark oak wood  
Of a distant northern land,  
And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold  
In the grasp of his withered hand ;  
And he moved him slowly round the girth  
Of an aged oak, to see  
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth  
Had clung to the old oak tree.  
And anon he knelt, and from his belt  
Unloosened his golden blade,  
Then rose and culled the mistletoe  
Under the woodland shade.

O blessed bough, meet emblem thou  
Of all dark Egypt knew,  
Of all foretold to the wise of old,  
To Roman, Greek and Jew.  
And long, God grant, time-honored plant,  
Live we to see thee hung  
In cottage small, as in baron's hall,  
Banner and shield among !  
Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule  
Aloft in thy place of pride,  
Still usher forth in each land of the North,  
The solemn Christmas Tide !

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY



## CHRISTMAS



THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;  
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices in four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound ;

Each voice four changes of the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease ;  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## OLD CHRISTMAS

NOW he who knows old Christmas  
He knows a carle of worth ;  
For he is as good a fellow  
As any upon earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,  
And buttoned up to the chin,



And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,  
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,  
So we sweep the hearth up clean ;  
We set him in the old armchair,  
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy  
We make the house look gay,  
Just out of an old regard to him,  
For it was his ancient way.

\* \* \* \* \*

And he tells us witty old stories,  
And singeth with might and main ;  
And we talk of the old man's visit,  
Till the day that he comes again.

He must be a rich old fellow :  
What money he gives away !  
There is not a lord in England  
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto old Christmas,  
And long life, let us sing,  
For he doth more good unto the poor  
Than many a crownéd king !

MARY HOWITT





## THE STAGE COACH



IN the course of a December tour in England, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches on the day preceding Christmas.

The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies.

I had three fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, promising themselves a world of enjoyment.

They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed. But the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the





AT THE ENTRANCE OF A VILLAGE

coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along.

The horn sounded at the entrance of a village produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that



accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant, and sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house.

As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation.

The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by, the man at the anvil suspends his ringing blows and suffers the iron to grow cool, and the one at the bellows leans on the handle for a moment and permits the panting instrument to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages, and the grocers', butchers' and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order, and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.



Absorbed in watching these festive preparations, I was suddenly roused by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them. He was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body with joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest. All wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.



We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

WASHINGTON IRVING

## CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND

**H**EAP on more wood ! — the wind is chill ;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still ;  
Each age has deem'd the newborn year  
The fittest time for festal cheer ;  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Yule more deep the mead did drain ;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew.

England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.  
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;  
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung —



That only night in all the year  
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle green ;  
The hall was dressed in holly green ;  
Forth to the wood did merry men go  
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf and all.  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose ;  
The lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of "Post and pair."

All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

*From "Marmion"*

WALTER SCOTT



## HOW ST. BONIFACE KEPT CHRISTMAS EVE

IT was the day before Christmas in the year of our Lord seven hundred and twenty-four. How peaceful and quiet was the valley of the Weser that cold winter afternoon! Along the banks of the river flowing so silently under its fringes of ice, broad snow fields lay glistening white, touched here and there to pale blue, rose color or purple by the crimson glory of the setting sun. The steep, rugged hills, with their mantles of pine and fir, threw long shadows down their eastern slopes, while just above the forest treetops a pale young moon was beginning to show against the clear evening sky.

Along the edge of the forest already in deep shadow, forsaken by the sun, a little company of men might have been seen slowly wending their way through the deep snow. At the head of the band was a tall stalwart figure clad in the long black cloak and the broad hat of a priest, the bishop's cross upon his breast. His tunic was fastened high to his belt so as not to hinder his stride, his strong heavy boots were bound tight about his legs with strips of skin and in his hand he carried a stout staff.

His handsome young face was earnest and thoughtful, his clear blue eyes keen and fearless, his cheeks, ruddy and brown from exposure to the sun and wind, were glowing with health and his step even on the rough path was firm and sure. He was evidently a traveler of experience, a man of strength, of courage and determination.

This was the great Wilfred of England, who had lately



been consecrated Bishop by Pope Gregory II, receiving the name of Boniface, "Good Doer." With the great commission from the Pope to christianize the Germans, he was now on his way northward.

He was a great scholar, an able statesman, an eloquent preacher, a bold and daring soldier of the Cross. Never since the days of St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, have men known a missionary more eminent in labors, in perils and in splendid self-sacrifice than St. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans.

He had left his dearly loved home and his rich estate to become a monk in the monastery of Nutescelle, near Winchester. But a life of study, prayer and meditation in the cloister was not for him. He would not remain there, although they had chosen him as the abbot. He had refused great honors and responsibilities, even episcopal dignity at the court of Charles Martel, the king of the Franks. Nothing could satisfy his burning zeal for the Master's cause but to become a missionary of the Cross, to go out into the wilderness and preach to the heathen. So for five years he had been traveling with a few companions up and down through the forests of Thuringia, Saxony and Hesse; toiling through deep snows, over mountains and across turbulent streams, sleeping on the ground in summer and in winter, cold, hungry, fatigued, but never repining nor discouraged, always eager to do and to suffer all things for Christ's sake. And now he had been appointed Bishop and had come with letters from the Pope to Charles Martel and to all the clergy





A BAND OF SAVAGES

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and rulers among the neighboring Franks who could aid him and advance his cause.

On this eventful day he had been journeying since early morning with a few young monks who had lately come from Nutescelle, his old abbey, to join him in his labors. There were also in the little company several armed woodmen, for in those days it was not safe to travel unprotected, and there were teamsters to take charge of the horses and the sledge which was loaded with provisions.

As they were slowly toiling on their way, Boniface told his young companions many stories of his life in the wilderness. How thrilling and marvelous were those tales of long wanderings through the dark forests, of fierce encounters with wolves and bears, of narrow escapes from bands of savages, and of the weird rites and terrible sacrifices of the heathen! "We must never forget, my brothers," said he, "that if St. Augustine had not been sent to England by the great Pope Gregory I, we, too, might still be in the darkness of heathenism; we, too, might still be worshiping false pagan gods. How great should be our love and our gratitude to God, and how fervent our zeal to bring the same glorious message to our fellow men that was once brought to us!

"And following the example of St. Augustine and his monks in our own land, we will not only preach Christianity to the heathen, but we will teach them how to live. We will establish schools and monasteries, we will clear the land, drain swamps, till the soil and carry on trades. Here as elsewhere civilization will follow the coming of Christianity.



"But you are weary, my brothers, with this day's hard tramp, and I know that your hearts are turning toward home in England, where those you love are keeping the birth feast of Our Lord this night. The men and the horses too are weary. We will draw up the sledge into the border of the woods and will eat and rest for a while, but we must press on soon. I wish to reach Geismar at least an hour before midnight.

"A large assembly of the tribes will be there to-night under the great thunder oak which is sacred to Thor the War God. People from all the surrounding villages are to meet and offer sacrifices, for this is the Eve of Yule, the great nature festival of the heathen. But we will teach them that these gods are nothing, merely creatures of their own imagination. We will teach them that Almighty God is their only refuge and strength. Henceforth they shall trust, not in Thor's hammer, but in the Cross of Christ for their safety and salvation."

After an hour's rest the travelers were once more toiling bravely forward over the frozen fields and through the starlit aisles of the forest. The short winter twilight was ended, and now the moon shone out bright and clear, lighting them on their way.

At long intervals they passed small villages of the tribes, which were simply groups of rude huts huddled together, with now and then a larger log dwelling inclosed in a courtyard. But there were no lights in these dwellings; all was dark and silent except for the distant barking of dogs, and



far away they could hear the howling of wolves in the forest. At last they came out into a larger opening, where once more they could look down upon the river below, with its wide meadows now deep in snow. Nearer them, on the edge of the woods, was a knoll on which, standing almost alone, was an immense oak tree with wide-spreading branches, towering high above all other trees, the stern and lonely monarch of the forest.

"That," said Boniface, pointing to the tree, "is the thunder oak of Geismar, and there the heathen ceremonies are to be performed at midnight. We will leave the men and the horses here in the shadow of the trees and we will go forward to the knoll. Brother Aidan and Brother Columba, do you take axes and be ready to help me. It is my purpose this night to hew down that mighty oak before the eyes of the heathen. And may their faith in the ancient gods fall with the tree!"

They had barely time to reach the knoll and conceal themselves behind a thicket when at some distance they saw a large company of people, with lighted torches, ascending the slope towards them.

Leading the ceremonious procession was the king, a stalwart Hessian warrior. He was arrayed in true kingly trappings; a pointed cap of gay striped cloth surmounted his yellow hair; a rich mantle of sable hung over a purple tunic; and leathern breeches, bound tight to his legs, reached to high skin shoes on his feet. Around his neck was a massive gold chain and at his side a long shining sword. He



was closely followed by a train of twenty big, long-haired chieftains from all the neighboring villages, each one carrying a spear and a battered shield. They were dressed in gayly colored woolen cloaks fastened with pins and brooches of boar's tusks.

Behind them came trooping, two by two, the bearded Druid priests in their clinging robes of scarlet, rough bands of hammered gold on wrist and ankle and a long wooden staff in each right hand. Following these at a little distance came a great number of men, women and children.

As they reached the smooth summit of the hill, the crowd paused and formed a large half circle in front of the oak, while the Druids commenced chanting in low monotonous wailings their invocation to the gods.

Suddenly the Archdruid, in great excitement, raising both hands above his head, uttered a cry of joy and ran forward to the tree. He had discerned in the moonlight a branch of the mystical mistletoe clinging to the huge trunk, "Oo-ye!" he cried exultingly, "the Mistletoe! Oo-ye! Oo-ye! Oo-ye!"

The cry had hardly ceased and its echoes were still reverberating through the forest, when the aged Druid raising his hands once more above his head, shouted :

"Hear ye, O king, and all ye people! Know ye that the gods have called us hither, and they will listen to us this night. We have found the mistletoe at this sacred Eve of Yule on the sixth day of the moon. It is a good omen.



“Wherefore I call upon you, Druids, get ye to your duties, which ye know so well, and here under the beneficent tree, build ye an altar for a fitting sacrifice on this propitious day.”

While he was yet speaking, the Druids had hastened away, and were now hurrying hither and thither over the hillside, searching for large flat stones. They soon returned, and in a very short time they had erected a rough altar in front of the tree facing the east.

With a golden knife the chief Druid then cut off the twigs of mistletoe and placed them upon the altar ready for the sacrifice. Meantime two large white bullocks had been led forward and bound with leathern thongs to the tree, and a huge fire had been kindled. As the flames leaped and flickered they cast a weird light upward into the gnarled branches of the old oak and around on the pale awe-stricken faces of the people standing silent and expectant.

The chief Druid now beckoned to a bard, who stepped forward, his rude harp in his hand, and began the solemn incantation to the god, Thor :

“O Thor, the Thunderer,  
Mighty and Terrible !  
What shall we give thee ?  
Bullocks we offer,  
Sheep we will bring thee,  
All our possessions freely we proffer.    ”  
Come with thy hammer,  
Protect us and save us.



Bring us the springtime,  
Oh, bring us the summer.  
Let us not suffer,  
Keep us from starving,  
Spare us and save us.  
Mighty Thor, save us!"

The song ceased, and the singer returned to his place. The old Druid with bowed head had been gazing upon the ground. He now raised his eyes to the people and began to speak slowly and sadly:

"Alas! the gods will not be satisfied with any of these things. They claim our dearest and best gift, and we must not refuse to offer it. We must appease them at any cost, for they are grieved and angered at the death of Balder the Beautiful, and they will take vengeance upon us. To-night a child must be chosen to go to Valhalla, the house of gods and heroes. He must bear a message to Woden, and he must carry with him a sprig of mistletoe, for it was the fatal mistletoe that brought death to Balder."

He paused and looked around at the group of children who had been eagerly watching the bright flames as they darted higher and higher. The women shuddered and shrank backward, the strong warriors leaned heavily upon their spears and every face blanched with fear.

Suddenly a clear commanding voice rang sharply out into the night, breaking the awful stillness that seemed to hang like a pall over every heart.



"Hail, ye Druids, and all ye people of the forest, hail ! A messenger has come who would speak with you."

The old Druid whirled with the swiftness of lightning, while a long deep sigh of relief burst from every lip. All eyes turned toward the newcomer as with one consent the people fell back, and Boniface with his companions entered their midst.

"Who are you?" demanded the Druid, "and what business brings you here? This is no time for idle parley. Speak, what is your errand?"

"I am your kinsman, an Anglo-Saxon from England across the sea, and I have come to bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people. It is a message from the King of Heaven, whom I serve."

"What ! a message from Woden?" demanded the Arch-druid.

"No, not from Woden, nor from Thor, for they are false gods. I bring you a message from the only true and living God, the Father Almighty."

"Tell us then," interposed the king, "what is this message that you bring from the Almighty, for we will listen and heed it. Is it not so?" he asked, turning to his chieftains, who clashed their shields in assent to his words.

"This is the divine message," answered Boniface. "This is the word which He sends to you. Not a drop of blood shall be shed here to-night, not one life shall be paid as a forfeit, not one of your dear ones sacrificed for your sins. For Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to redeem



the world from sin. He suffered death for us upon the cross. I have come, my children, to lead you to the Prince of Peace and to teach you of Him."

With breathless attention the people listened, charmed by the wonderful message, but not daring to believe it true.

"It is the new religion of the Romans," said the aged Druid, shaking his head. "I have heard of it from the Franks, but it is false. Listen not to it, O king; the gods will take vengeance upon us. We must offer a sacrifice to them, or they will smite us here under Thor's sacred tree. Beware, beware; anger not the gods."

Scarcely had the Druid spoken when Boniface, seizing the ax from Brother Columba's hand, ran forward a few steps, and with a broad sweep of his arm he struck the tree a ringing blow which echoed and reëchoed through the forest.

"See, my children," he cried, "you say that this oak is sacred to Thor. Will he protect his tree? Call upon him and see if he will come."

The crowd fell back in horror and dismay, expecting to see lightning fall instantly and consume him, while the Druids, cowering with fear, murmured, "Thor, Thor, take vengeance!"

"Call with a louder voice," shouted Boniface; and he struck the tree another powerful blow.

Then Brother Aidan came forward, and the two began with alternate stroke to hew down the mighty oak before the astonished and fascinated gaze of the people. The great



gashes in the trunk grew wider and wider, and deeper and deeper, and the big chips flew thick and fast.

At length the tall branches trembled, the massive limbs wavered, the great tree seemed to hesitate and totter for a moment, and then with a rush and roar like thunder it fell backward to the ground, crashing and groaning in its fall as if the ancient gods themselves were frenzied at their own discomfiture.

"And such, my children," said Boniface, turning to the people, "shall be the end of all falsehood and delusion, for Christ has come to reign until He shall bring all things under His feet. All things shall show forth His glory and shall praise His Name. Even this oak tree itself, so long dedicated to pagan superstition, shall now be consecrated to the glory of God. With these planks we will build a church to Almighty God and will name it in honor of His servant St. Peter. And likewise this heathen festival of Yule shall be changed to the Christian feast of Christmas."

"Christmas — what is that?" asked one of the Druids.

"Christmas is the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord," replied Boniface. "Christ was born on this Holy Night. In Christmas," he added, gazing tenderly at the children, "the little ones are redeemed," and he told them the story of the manger. "In Christmas the mothers are redeemed," and he pictured to their minds the Virgin Mother. "In Christmas the whole world is redeemed. Henceforth you shall worship a Father who loves you, and Christ shall be your High Priest forever."





Raphael

THE SISTINE MADONNA

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"In Christmas all things shall become new. There is not a truth nor a beauty in the world but Christmas will hallow it and give it a blessed significance. The Yule log shall burn in the chimney; the holly, the mistletoe and the evergreens of the woodland shall hang in your houses, not as signs of helplessness and fear, but as heralds of good news bidding the world a 'Merry Christmas.'

"And here," he added as his eyes fell on a young fir tree growing straight and tall beside the fallen oak, "here is a tree which is forever green. It shall be a sign to you of your new religion. Do you see how it points to the sky? Do you see the cross on every twig? Let us call it the tree of the Christ Child.

"You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your cruel feasts, but you shall keep the blessed birth feast of Our Lord in your own homes with mirth and music and dancing. And at every fireside the little children shall gather around the green fir tree to rejoice because Christ is born, 'who takes away the sins of the world.'"

Then Brother Aidan and Brother Columba took up the little fir and bore it away to the king's house, the people following subdued and silent, but filled with a holy joy and gladness. The doors of the great banquet hall were thrown open, and in the center of the room the little tree was set up and decked with fruits and tapers. "Come, tell us once more the wonderful story," said the king, as he placed Boniface beside him on the dais. "Tell us again of the 'Prince of Peace.'"



So Boniface told them again of that holy night at Bethlehem, of the host of angels singing, "Glory to God and peace to men of good will;" and of the shepherds on the distant hills, who, trembling with fright, heard the glad words, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people."

The old Druid sat with bowed head and downcast eyes, but at the words "Fear not" he looked up earnestly into the Bishop's face, and then began to sob like a child. The stern warriors stood leaning on their shields, the tears coursing down their faces unchecked, the women covered their eyes and wept softly, but the little children saved by Christianity from the horrors of pagan superstition were sleeping peacefully in their mothers' arms.

Then softly, gently, from a distant part of the long hall where Brother Aidan and his companions were standing with the foresters, came a sound of music, clear young voices singing a Christmas hymn:—

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around."

"Listen!" whispered the king. "Hear ye not the sounds of heavenly music? Those angels have come back to earth to sing again the blessed song."

It was indeed like an echo of the angels' song, for long ago when they sang over the hills of Bethlehem they sang



for Germany as for all the world. And now Germany had heard the good tidings of great joy, and would henceforth rejoice in the knowledge of the Gospel, blessing the name of the one who brought it to them, who lighted the first Christmas Tree in the Fatherland, and who taught the people to love it and to understand its meaning, — St. Boniface, the great Apostle of the Germans.

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O'er the cradle of a King,  
Hear the song the angels sing,  
*In excelsis gloria.*

On this holy night begins  
God's own sacrifice for sins.  
*In excelsis gloria.*

From His Father's home on high,  
Lo, for us He came to die.  
*In excelsis gloria.*

Of His own free will He came,  
Lord Emmanuel His name.  
*In excelsis gloria.*



## THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

**I**N the city streets that Christmas morning, the people were making a rough but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The people who were shoveling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball, laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong.

The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great round baskets of chestnuts lolling at the doors and tumbling out into the street. There were ruddy, brown-faced Spanish onions shining in the fatness of their growth and seeming to smile from their shelves at the girls as they went by, glancing demurely at the hung-up mistletoe.

There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shop-keeper's benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling in their fragrance ancient walks among the woods and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were



oranges and lemons in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended aroma of tea and coffee was so pleasing, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious.

But the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of like mistakes in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own worn outside for general inspection.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came flocking through the streets in their best clothes and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes and nameless turnings, innumerable people carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops.



In time the bells ceased and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven, where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high.

In Bob Cratchit's humble little cottage a bright fire was burning briskly and great preparations for dinner were merrily going forward. Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but gay in ribbons which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, was busy laying the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also gay in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar, Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day, into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the



skies, while he, not proud, although his collars nearly choked him, blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, Mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother," cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha."

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother."

"Well! never mind so long as you have come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!





BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

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"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did Tiny Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. Then



Master Peter Cratchit and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course — and it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounted guard upon their posts.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit looking slowly all along the carving knife prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, surveying one small



atom of a bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, too nervous to bear witnesses, to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. Apples and oranges



were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one. Then Bob exclaimed :

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us !” Which all the family reëchoed.

“God bless us, every one !” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Then Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business ; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income.

Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie in bed to-morrow morning for a good long rest, to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord “was about as tall as Peter ;” at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the apples went round and round, and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.



After a while they played at forfeits and then at blind-man's buff, and if you had only seen Bob scramble about that kitchen, knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the cupboard, you would have shouted with laughter as did the two young Cratchits. Then there was a game of "Yes and No," where Peter had to think of something and the rest must find out what, he only answering to their questions yes or no as the case was. Peter must have thought of something exceedingly funny, for at every fresh question that was put to him, he burst into a roar of laughter and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up from his chair and stamp.

There was nothing of high mark in all this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another and contented with their lot. They knew how to keep Christmas well, and may that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, *God bless us, every one!*

CHARLES DICKENS


*From "The Christmas Carol."*

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"'A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows,' said St. Francis, he who hailed the sun with delight and who laid upon his followers the duty of cheerfulness."



## THE THREE KINGS

HREE Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere;  
And by this they knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddlebows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;  
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes they talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at the wayside wells.

"Of the Child that is born," said Baltasar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;  
For we in the East have seen His star,  
And have ridden fast and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."



And the people answered, "You ask in vain ;  
We know of no king but Herod the Great !"  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain  
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;  
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away, and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn ;  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses turned,  
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard ;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay,  
The Child that would be King one day  
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.



His mother, Mary of Nazareth,  
Sat watching beside this place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of His breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.



" THEY LAID THEIR OFFERINGS AT HIS FEET "

They laid their offerings at His feet ;  
The gold was their tribute to a King ;  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete ;  
The myrrh for the body's burying.



And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

**B**LOW, blow, thou winter wind !  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude !  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky !  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot !  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



## RALPH THE CHARCOAL BURNER

How He entertained King Charles and afterwards went to Court



ON the feast of St. Thomas, which is four days before Yule, King Charles<sup>1</sup> rode out of the city of Paris with a great company of princes and nobles. As they rode across the moor a great tempest from the east fell upon them. So fierce was the wind and so heavy the rain, that they were scattered over the country; nor could they tell, the day being well-nigh as dark as night, whither they were going. Of what befell the rest of the company there is no need to tell; this tale concerns King Charles only.

As he rode in sore plight, not knowing where he might find shelter, he was aware of a churl who was leading a mule carrying two great panniers. "Now tell me your name," said the king.

"They call me Ralph the Charcoal Burner," said the man. "I live in these parts — my house is seven miles hence — and I earn my bread with no little toil, selling coals to such as need them."

"Friend," said the king, "I mean you no ill, for I judge you to be an honest man."

"Judge as you will," answered Ralph, "I care not."

"I am in sore need of a friend," said the king, "for both

<sup>1</sup> Charles I or Charlemagne, King of the Franks, A.D. 768.



my horse and I are ready to perish, the storm is so fierce. Tell me, then, where I can find shelter."

"Shelter!" said Ralph, "I know of none, save in my own cottage, and that is far hence in the forest. But to that you are welcome if you care to come with me."

The king was right glad to hear these words. "That is well," said he; "God reward you for your goodness."

"Nay," answered the churl, "keep your thanks till they have been earned. As yet you have had from me nothing, neither fire, nor meat, nor dinner, nor resting place. Tomorrow when you go you can thank me, if you be so minded, with better reason. To praise first and maybe to blame afterwards — that is contrary to sense."

"So shall it be," said the king. So they went their way, talking as they went.

When they were come to the house Ralph called with a loud voice to his wife, "Are you within, dame? Come out, open the door without delay. My guest and I are shivering with cold; such evil weather I have never seen."

The goodwife, when she heard her husband's voice, made all haste to the door, knowing that he was a man of a hasty temper. "You are welcome home," said she to Ralph; and to the stranger, "You are welcome also."

"Kindle a great fire," said Ralph, "and take two capons of the best that we may have good cheer;" and he took the king by the hand and would have him go before him into the house. But the king stood back by the door and would have the charcoal burner pass in before him. "That is but



poor courtesy," said the man, and took him by the neck and pushed him in.

When they had warmed themselves awhile by the fire, which was blazing in right royal fashion, Ralph cried to his wife, "Let us have supper, Gillian, as quickly as may be, and of the best, for we have had a toilsome day and may well have a merry night. Never have I suffered worse weather or been so near to losing my way as when I met with this stranger here."

In no long time, when they had washed themselves, the supper was ready. "Now, friend," said Ralph, "take the dame by the hand, and lead her to the board." And when the king held back, he cried, "Now this is the second time," and smote him suddenly under the ear with his right hand, so strongly that he staggered half across the chamber, and fell to the ground.

When the king rose, and indeed he could scarcely stand, "Now, Gillian," said Ralph, "take him by the hand and go to the table." To his guest he said, "Now this is the second time that you have been lacking in courtesy, first by the door and then by the table. Will you not do as you are bid? Am I not the master of my own house?"

The king said to himself: "These are strange doings. Never have I been so dealt with in all my life." Nevertheless, for the sake of peace he did as he was bid, and giving his hand to the dame, led her to the table. So they sat, the charcoal burner on one side of the table, and the king and dame Gillian on the other. Right good cheer they had,



fat capons and bread and cheese of the best. Truly they wanted for nothing.

Said the churl to the king, "Sir, the foresters in this place threaten me much about the deer. They say that I am ever bringing down the fattest of the herd. They will hale me, they say, to Paris, and bring me before the king, and make complaint against me. Say what they will, why should I not have enough for myself, aye, and to set before a guest? And now, my friend, spare not; there is enough and more."

When they had well eaten, they sat by the fire, and the charcoal burner told many merry tales. When it grew late, he said to the king, "Tell me now where you live."

"I live at Court," said he, "where I have an office with the queen."

"And what is your name?"

"My name is Wymond. And now, if you will come to Court, I can doubtless serve you, for I will see that you have a good sale for your fuel."

Said Ralph, "I know not where the Court of which you speak may be."

But Charles urged him, saying that the king and queen would be in Paris to spend Yuletide together, and that there would be much merrymaking, and that without doubt he would sell his fuel to great advantage.

"You seem to talk reason," said Ralph; "I will come. And now let us to bed." So the collier and the dame led him to another chamber, where there was a bed handsomely furnished, and closed in with curtains. When they saw



that he was well served and had all that he needed, they bade him good night, and the king thanked them for their courtesy.

The next day as soon as it was light, the king rose from the bed and dressed himself without help, for indeed he had neither valet nor squire. Then his palfrey was brought to him, which when he had mounted he called Ralph; for he would take his leave in friendly fashion as was fitting in one that had had such good cheer.

When the churl appeared, he said to the king, "Now tarry awhile till this evil weather be ended."

"Nay," answered the king. "I must needs to my work and office; Yuletide is now at hand, and he that is found wanting will be greatly blamed. And now call thy good wife that I may pay her for the shelter and good cheer that I have had."

"Nay," cried Ralph, "that shall never be; to think that I should take pay for sheltering one that is of the Court of King Charles!"

"So be it," answered the king; "but at least if you will not take pay, come to the Court with a load of fuel as soon as may be; I warrant that if you will do so, you will make good profit of your goods."

"That will I," answered Ralph. "I would fain see how coals sell at Court. And now tell me your name once more, lest I forget it."

Then the king rode away, nor had he traveled long when Roland<sup>1</sup> and Oliver, with a thousand men after them, met

<sup>1</sup> Roland, a hero celebrated in the romances of chivalry. Oliver, a very close friend of Roland.



him. They had come forth to search for him, and right glad were they to find him. So they turned their horses' heads and journeyed back to Paris. When they were near the town, Turpin the Archbishop came forth from the gates to meet them, with a great company of bishops and priests and others, giving thanks to God that their lord the king was come again to Paris.

And when they had come to Paris they went to the Church of St. Denis where mass was celebrated. And after mass they went to the palace, and kept their Yule feast with much mirth and plenty of good things. For one and twenty days did they feast. Never had such a Yuletide been kept in the land of France.

Meantime King Charles had not forgotten the matter. He called Roland to him, for indeed there was no man whom he trusted more, and said to him, "To-morrow morning take your horse and your harness, and watch well the road by which we went on the day that I was lost, and if you see any one coming this way, whatever his errand may be, bring him with you to this place and take care that he sees no one before he sees me."

Roland took his horse and his harness and rode forth early in the morning, and watched the roads as he had been commanded.

For a long time he saw nothing, either far or near; but a little past midday he saw the charcoal burner come driving his mule before him, with two panniers filled with coals. So he rode up to him with all the speed that he could.



The man saluted him courteously, and Roland in his turn also saluted him. Their greetings ended, he said to the man, "Come now to the king; let nothing hinder you."

"Nay," said Ralph, "I am not so foolish. This is a jest, Sir Knight, and it is ill courtesy for a knight to jest with a common man."

"This is but foolishness," said Roland; "the king has straightly commanded that you should be brought to him."

"Nay," answered Ralph, "I am on my way according to promise made to one Wymond, and to him I will go and to none other."

So they wrangled a long time, and still the churl was firmly set that he would go to Wymond and to none other.

Then Roland rode back to the king. By this time, mass was ended, and the king had put on his robes. "You are well come, Sir Roland," said he; "have you done my errand?"

"Sire," answered Sir Roland, "I went as you gave me commandment and watched the ways, but saw no man, but one only."

"And who was this one?" asked the king.

"He," said Roland, "was but a churl that had with him two panniers of coals."

"Why did you not bring this said churl to me, as I bid you? It may be you durst not."

Roland saw that the king was wroth, and was not a little glad to go forth from his presence. Going forth he met a porter, "Whither go thou, lazy loon?" said he.



Said the porter, "There is one at the gate, a churl that has a mule and two panniers of coals, and he clamors to be let in at the gate."

"Whom does he want?" said Roland.

The porter answered, "He asks for one Wymond."

Then Roland said, "Go back to your place, porter, and open the gate and bid him enter. But say that it does not lie within your office to go to this Wymond, but that he must himself seek him."

So the porter went back to the gate and opened it, saying to the charcoal burner, "Enter, man, but I have no leisure to seek for this Wymond. You must seek him yourself."

Said Ralph, "If you will not seek the man, I must needs do it myself; see you then that no harm come to the mule and the coals, and I will look for Wymond, for certainly it was he that bade me come hither."

So the charcoal burner went his way through the palace, asking for Wymond. There was not one that knew the man, or had so much as heard the name.

After he had passed through many chambers, he came to one that was more splendid than all that he had seen before. It was a great hall, finely painted and hung about with tapestries, and there the king sat at dinner in great state.

At last, after not a little trouble, he came near to the king, where he sat in state at the table. "See," he cried, "that is Wymond, yonder, the man whom I seek. Well do I know him, though indeed he is otherwise clad than when I last saw him. Now he is in cloth of gold. Truly he must



be some greater man than he said. Alas, that I have been wiled hither. Truly this man has beguiled me." When the king heard this, he laughed.

Ralph looked about on the company that sat with the king, for many worshipful men were there. But when he saw the queen, then he was greatly troubled. "Lady," he said, "I am sorely troubled to see your fine attire, so splendid is it. Now if I can but escape hence this day, nothing in the whole world shall bring me hither again."

And now, dinner being over, the king rose from the table, and he told before the whole company how he had fared with the charcoal burner. The churl quaked as he heard the tale. And he said, "Would I were on the moor again this very hour, and the king alone, or any one of his knights, be he the bravest and strongest of them all."

Then the lords laughed aloud. Some, however, were angry, and would have had the man hanged. "What is this churl," said they, "that he should so misuse the king?"


But Charles would have none of such doings. "He is a stalwart man, and can strike a hard blow. Heaven forbid that I should harm him. Rather will I make him a knight."

So he dubbed Ralph the Charcoal Burner a knight, and gave him a revenue of £300 by the year; and "the next fee in France that shall come into my hands, that," said he, "will I give you. But now you must win your spurs." So the king gave him his armor and arms, and sixty squires of good degree to be his company. And Ralph was a very perfect noble knight, and did good service to the king.

ALFRED J. CHURCH



## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
And sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant and the free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*From "In Memoriam"*

ALFRED TENNYSON





*From the painting by Blashfield.*

**THE BELLS**

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## THE SECRET OF THE KING

**T**HE gracious monarch Wenceslaus,  
Saint of the long ago,  
One winter night, his footsteps bent  
The ever Blessed Sacrament  
To visit through the snow.

Absorbed in prayer the holy king  
Felt not the bitter blast  
So keen it forced the servitor  
Who with the lantern walked before  
To groan aloud at last.

"Art suffering?" "Yea, sire, my blood  
Is freezing while I talk."  
"So?" quoth the king; "then if inclined,  
Good knave, thou mayst fall behind,  
And in our footprints walk."

And so they go: the royal head  
Bent low, the strong arms crossed;  
And, following close upon his heels,  
The knave, Dear Lord! What warmth he feels  
Hath summer vanquished frost?

A breath as of celestial fire,  
From out the king escapes!  
A perfume pure, an odorous heat,  
A scent of sacrificial wheat,  
Of blood of blessed grapes!



What though the woodland shrine be bleak,  
And snowdrifts on its floor ?  
The wind may howl, the knave doth sing,  
He kneels, he walks behind the king,  
He feels the cold no more !

Oh, mystery divine ! could we  
But love like Wenceslaus —  
Like Wenceslaus, in our poor turn  
These frozen hearts of ours might burn  
And melt in Thy dear cause.

And such a fragrant glow, our faith  
In Thee might shed abroad,  
That all who follow on our feet  
Might with us share Love's burning heat,  
And flush'd with zeal, through snow and sleet,  
Go with us glad to God !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

*"The Secret of the King," from Poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly, published by H. L. Kilner & Co. of Philadelphia.*

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"He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ by which we are taught to imitate His life if we would be truly enlightened and be delivered from all blindness of heart. Let therefore our chief endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ.

THOMAS À KEMPIS



## THE SEASONS IN SWEDEN

WE must not forget the sudden changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers.

But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Erelong the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all.

The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the heels of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices and the sound of bells.

And now the northern lights begin to burn; faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson.

The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft



purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine as white as silver.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come. Saint John has taken the flowers and the festival of heathen Balder; and in



SWEDISH CHILDREN IN HOLIDAY DRESS

every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth.

The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the



children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and the doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness !

How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday !

How beautiful the silent hour when Morning and Evening sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight !

From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime ; and the watchman, whose watchtower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

## HARK ! HARK ! MY SOUL

**H**ARK ! hark ! my soul ; Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore.  
How sweet the truths those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"



And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven — the heart's true home — will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

REV. F. W. FABER



## AN ICEBERG

**A**T twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the companionway and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, cook?" asked the first man who came up.

"On the port bow."



And there, floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an immense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense



mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it and admiring its beauty and grandeur.

But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor and really the sublimity of the sight. Its great size — for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, as well as its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear — all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular, heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea.



No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses tucked in the sea ; while their chief beauty and grandeur — their slow stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits and the fearful crackling and groaning of their parts — the picture cannot give.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

### TO-DAY

LO, here hath been dawning  
Another blue day :  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity  
This new day is born ;  
Into Eternity  
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did ;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day :  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away ?

THOMAS CARLYLE



## DAYBREAK

**A** WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."  
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."  
And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !  
Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,  
"Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep !  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore :  
Oh ! give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest's roar !

Once more on the deck I stand  
Of my own swift gliding craft :  
Set sail ! farewell to the land !  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean bird set free ; —  
Like the ocean bird, our home  
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown ;  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say let the storm come down !  
And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and the waters rave,  
A home on the rolling sea !  
A life on the ocean wave.

EPES SARGENT





SET SAIL ! FAREWELL TO THE LAND !

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## TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

## How Scotland and England came to be Separate Kingdoms



ENGLAND is the southern and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer and produces better crops. Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills and huge moors, which bear no corn and which afford but little food for flocks or herds. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile and produces better crops.

The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller and not so wealthy and populous, but as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other and that they should have lived as one people, under the same government. And this is now the case, for about two hundred years ago the king of Scotland became king of England, and the two nations have ever since been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.



But before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel and bloody wars between the two nations; and far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbors and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they possibly could. This lasted for many, many hundred years; and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, the Romans, a brave and warlike people, undertook to conquer the whole world and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain and made a great war upon the people whom they found living there.

The Romans, who were very brave and well armed, overcame the British and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. They therefore gave up all attempts to subdue this impenetrable country, and resolved to be satisfied with that level ground of which they had already possessed themselves.

Then the wild people of Scotland began to come down from their mountains and make inroads upon that part of



the country which had been conquered by the Romans. These people of the northern parts of Scotland were of two tribes; the Scots who had come from Ireland, and the Picts. They often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans and the Britons.

At length the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain and laying it waste. For this purpose they built a very long wall between one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall. And they made towers on the wall and camps with soldiers, from place to place, so that at the least alarm the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked.

This Roman wall was built between the two great friths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is narrowest. It protected the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land and inclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled themselves in great numbers and climbed over the wall in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them.

The Romans, finding that the wall could not keep out the barbarians, for so they termed the Picts and the Scots, thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first,



sixty miles farther south. This the Scots and Picts could not break through, but they sometimes came down by sea in boats made of oxhides stretched upon hoops, landed in the Britons' territory and greatly harassed the people.

Now at this time bitter quarrels and confusion and civil wars took place at Rome. The Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country. So they took to their ships and left the island.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians. So the Picts and the Scots broke through at several points, wasted and destroyed the country, took away the boys and girls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep and cattle, burnt the houses and did all the damage they could.

Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north of Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, landed in the south of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts. (A.D. 449.) They drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built, and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbors.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat



of their northern enemies ; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain and saw what a beautiful, rich country it was, resolved to take the land to themselves and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them. But the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they and defeated them so often that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south of Britain.

However, the bravest of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years. Their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime, the Anglo-Saxons spread throughout all the south of Britain, and the name of the country was changed. It was no longer called Britain, but England, or Angleland, the land of the Anglo-Saxons.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarreled between themselves ; and at last after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts.

They gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Anglo-Saxons did to the south part ; and so came the name Scotland, the land of the Scots, and England, the land of the English.



## The Cause of the Wars between England and Scotland

The history of the Scottish nation is a history of heroic struggles for liberty and independence. The bitter conflicts arising from the invasions of the island of Britain by the Romans were followed by incursions of the Danes and Northmen and by the long and unequal warfare with England. Much of this trouble with England was originally caused by the so-called feudal system, a form of government which obtained very generally throughout Europe during the Middle Ages.

It was the custom under this system for a king or sovereign prince to grant large provinces to his dukes, earls and other noblemen, and in return to require from them military service. These noblemen, who were called vassals of the king, were obliged in time of war to come to his assistance with a certain number of men, and in time of peace to attend him at court whenever they were summoned, and pay homage to him; that is, acknowledge him as their master and liege lord.

And even a king himself, although an independent sovereign in his own land, would be a vassal of another king if he should hold feudal possessions in that country, and he would be obliged to render military service and do homage to the real sovereign or Lord Paramount of those dominions.

Now in the course of years the Scottish kings had gained possession of large provinces in England, holding them as



vassals to the English kings and rendering for this territory the homage and services which were demanded of them. The English kings, however, sometimes took occasion to insinuate that this homage was paid not only for the provinces but also for the kingdom of Scotland.

But Scotland had always been absolutely independent, never under the dominion of any English king, and the Scottish kings positively refused to admit or to allow any one to suppose that they were subject to any claim of homage for their own kingdom, of Scotland. This dispute arose about the middle of the eleventh century and was not finally settled until after many years. It was the principal cause of the terrible wars between the two countries.

Now it happened that at one time the king of Scotland when attended only by a small body of men was seized and made prisoner by the English. In order to obtain his release, the Scottish nobles at last consented to allow this old pretension of the English and to acknowledge the king as their real sovereign.

A few years after this, Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who was then king of England, generously gave up the ancient claim for homage and service, the acknowledgment of which had been so unjustly extorted from the Scots; and this clemency on his part almost put an end to the wars and quarrels between the two countries for more than a hundred years.

But there came a time when unfortunately the throne



of Scotland was left without a direct heir, and many of the great nobles who were more or less distantly related to the royal family prepared each to assert his right to the crown. To prevent serious trouble among themselves they resolved to refer the settlement of the question to the English king, Edward I, asking him to decide who should be king of Scotland.

This opened the way for Edward to revive the old contention that he was Lord Paramount of Scotland, and these noblemen, rather than hazard their own prospects by offending the king, said that they would be willing to receive and hold the crown as awarded by him in the character of Sovereign Lord. Thus they basely consented to resign the independence of their country, which had been so long and so bravely defended. King Edward then declared John Baliol the vassal king.

However, the people who lived among the mountains were a free and independent race, and they would not acknowledge the foreign king as their sovereign. King John himself, perceiving that King Edward intended gradually to destroy his power, renounced his allegiance to him and declared war. Then Edward at the head of a powerful army marched through Scotland, compelling all classes of people to submit to him, and sending King John as a prisoner to England.

Among the trophies of war which Edward seized at this time was the great stone at Scone called "The Stone of Destiny." For centuries it had been the custom for the



Scottish monarchs to stand on this stone when they were crowned. It was held in great reverence, for there was a superstition that wherever this sacred stone should go, there the monarchy of Scotland would go also.

King Edward carried the stone in triumph to the Abbey Church at Westminster, and inclosed it in the coronation chair of the English kings, where it has ever since remained. To this day the English monarchs are seated upon it at the time of their coronation.

King Edward stationed English soldiers in all the castles and strongholds of Scotland and appointed English governors in most of the provinces, who ruled the people with much rigor. Those who would not take the oath of allegiance to the king were fined, deprived of their estates and otherwise severely punished. They were obliged to pay to the English treasurer very heavy taxes, much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded, and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Moreover the English soldiers in the different castles treated the Scots with great contempt, took by main force whatever they chose, and if the owners offered any resistance, they abused them, beat, wounded and sometimes killed them.

The people, therefore, were in great distress and were extremely enraged. They only waited for a leader to command them, when they would rise up in a body against the English and fight for the liberty and independence of their country.



## The Champion of Scotland

Such a leader arose in the person of William Wallace, who has ever since been known as "The Champion of Scotland." Tall, handsome and commanding in appearance, he was one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. Like all Scotsmen of high spirit, he had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and he bitterly resented the insolence with which his countrymen were treated. He had many quarrels with the English, and was at length proclaimed an outlaw, a reward being offered to any one who should capture him.

Wallace now collected a body of men and engaged in many skirmishes with the English soldiers, in which he was usually victorious. He soon became so well known and so formidable that thousands, among whom were many noblemen, began to resort to his standard, until at last he was at the head of a considerable army with which he hoped to restore his country to independence. He defeated the English in several battles, driving them almost entirely out of Scotland.

When King Edward heard of this great insurrection, he assembled a very fine army and marched into the country with the determination that he would not leave it until it was finally conquered. In the meantime the Scots had chosen Wallace as governor, for there was then no king, giving him the title Sir William Wallace, Protector of the Scottish nation.

He now collected a large army and marched boldly to



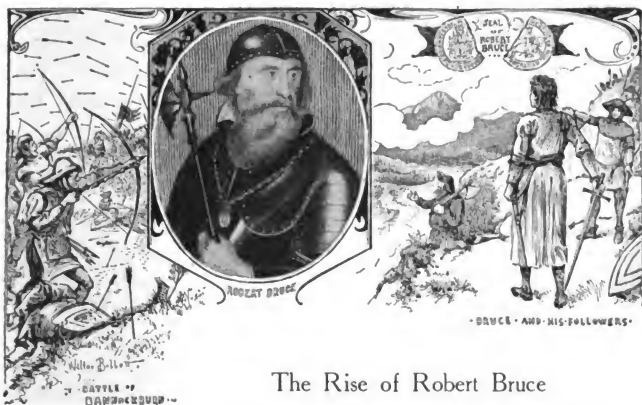
meet the English. The greater part of his soldiers were on foot, armed with long spears, while King Edward had the finest cavalry in the world. There were among the Scots some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, but they were not equal in numbers to the English archers who were moreover very celebrated for their skill.

The Scots fought long and bravely, but King Edward possessed so much wealth, and could collect so many soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country, and he obliged its leaders one after another to submit. Sir William Wallace alone with a small band of followers refused to acknowledge the usurper. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains for more than a year after all the other leaders had laid down their arms.

At last he was shamefully betrayed, delivered up to the English and was executed. Thus perished "The Champion of Scotland," the stanch hero and defender of the liberty of his countrymen. The deep reverence and love which the Scottish people bear his memory has been immortalized in verse by their national poet Robert Burns.

"Hail to thee, mighty Wallace, so proud is thy fame  
That the lapse of six centuries but brightens thy name;  
And when cycles and cycles of time may have fled,  
They'd but heighten the glory enwreathing thy head.  
When legions of foemen like dire inundations  
Strove to blot Scotland's name from the roll of the nations,  
Then didst thou arise, as the tower of her might,  
To rally her sons and to lead them to fight,  
For Scotland to conquer or for her to die."





### The Rise of Robert Bruce

Other patriots now arose to support the cause of liberty. The people were determined that they would no longer endure the foreign yoke, and they began to look for a king under whom they might unite themselves to fight for the deliverance of their country. Therefore all the great nobles who believed they had a right to the crown came forward to claim it.

Among them was Robert Bruce who resolved that he would do all in his power to restore the independence of Scotland. He was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was considered the best warrior in that country. He was very wise and prudent and an excellent



general; he knew how to conduct an army and place the soldiers in order for battle as well as any man of his time. And he was generous, too, and courageous by nature; but he had some faults which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character.

He now drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as were ready to join him, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings assumed their authority. Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England.

The English king was dreadfully incensed when he heard that the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority, and he marched against Bruce at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of King Robert's undertaking was most disastrous. Only a few months after his coronation at Scone he was entirely defeated by the English near Methven. His horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner, but in the hurry and turmoil of the battle he broke away from his captors and made his escape.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, "good Lord James," retired into the Highland mountains where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in peril, suffering many hardships. At last dangers increased so much around the



brave King Robert, that he went over to an island called Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, where he and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306.

### The King returns to his Native Land

But Bruce determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose. So he removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The king landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned, for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, had killed him and most of his men and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The king, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly.

Now the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the king, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered



their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had happened.

The Bruce was now in sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. They decided that Douglas should go disguised to his own country and raise his adherents, while Bruce should open communication with the opposite coast of Carrick by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions that, if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry head became visible, and the king and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert, alone in waiting for them, with very



bad news. The English commander, he said, was in the country with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"But why did you make the signal?" asked Bruce.

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment, but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was a man daring, even to rashness. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland or leave my body in the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland he would remain there and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him. Accordingly he began to skirmish with the English so successfully that they were obliged to quit Carrick.

In the present day it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the



enemy, and men seldom mingle together and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary soldiers with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was remarkably active and powerful.

### Bruce is chased by a Bloodhound

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of a few men only, the Earl of Pembroke and John of Lorn, two of his enemies, came into Galloway, each being at the head of a large body of men.

John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the king with his own hands it became attached to him and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the king divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them



to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He then appointed a place at which they were to assemble again.

But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party, so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but with all his men he followed that which the dog pointed out.

The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking that thus the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster brother.

When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him and either make him prisoner or slay him.

The Highlanders started off and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster brother. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his



foster brother answered that he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest ; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the blood-hound behind them and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river.

Then Bruce said to his foster brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent ; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers."

Accordingly the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest. In the meanwhile the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next ; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase and returned to join the Earl of Pembroke.



## Bruce and the Loyal Scotch Dame

It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, Bruce went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, a true-hearted old Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveler who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," asked the king, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone — where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though well knowing the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear



fidelity to the king ; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the king's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English or John of Lorn's men ; and the goodwife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voices of the good Lord James of Douglas and of Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the king had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother and his faithful friend, Lord James. Forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night. "For," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely they will think themselves quite secure and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there were two hundred of them quartered who had placed no sentinels ; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride ; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where



they were quartered, they easily dispersed them, thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was that soldiers came from all sides to join him, and that he obtained several victories over the English ; until at length they were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the king of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

### The Battle of Bannockburn

Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interested my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and injured people ; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or to perish with her.

ROBERT BURNS

The English soldiers were obliged to give up city after city and fortress after fortress, until they possessed scarcely any place of importance except Stirling, and that was blockaded by the Scots. The king of England now set out for Scotland with an army of nearly one hundred thousand men.



King Robert summoned all his nobles and barons to join him. His whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand men, and they were not so well armed as the wealthy Englishmen. But Robert who was at their head was one of the most expert generals of the time; his officers were brave and experienced leaders; and the soldiers were hardy men accustomed to fight and gain the victory under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The Scottish army was drawn up in line of battle between Stirling and the brook called Bannockburn. Bruce reviewed his troops and addressed the soldiers, expressing his fixed purpose to gain the victory or to lose his life on the battle ground. He desired all to leave the field who were not willing to fight to the last, and only those to remain who were determined to take the issue of victory or death as God should send it.

### Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour :  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's power —  
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?



Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !—  
Let us do or die !

ROBERT BURNS

In this great battle at Bannockburn the Scots totally defeated the English, who were now no longer in a condition to support their pretensions as masters of Scotland. They became for a time hardly able to defend their own frontier against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile to the rank of an independent sovereign universally acknowledged as one of the wisest and bravest kings of that time. And his beloved Scotland was raised likewise from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent nation governed by its own laws and subject to its own kings.



The Scots never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. It is therefore most just that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

WALTER SCOTT

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North  
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow ;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS



## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS

**A**FTER my return from Melrose Abbey, Scott proposed a ramble to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was an old staghound, Maida, a noble animal and a great favorite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived to the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational companions. And, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him.

Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears and endeavor to tease him into a frolic. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young



companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving away to this nonsense," would resume his gravity and jog on as before.

Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters, what will the laird and the other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If he ever whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping knife, as if chopping up his food, when he would steal forth with humbled and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him.

While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently aroused to romp forward two or three bounds and join in the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow-wow!*





SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CAMP

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It was but a transient outbreak and he returned instantly, wagging his tail and looking dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would censure or applaud.

"Aye, aye, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders. You have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida is like the great gun at Constantinople," he continued; "it takes so long to get it ready that the small guns can fire off a dozen times first, but when it does go off it makes the very earth tremble."

At dinner, Scott had laid by his half rustic dress, and appeared clad in black. The girls, too, in completing their toilet, had twisted in their hair the sprigs of purple heather which they had gathered on the hillside, and they looked all fresh and blooming from their breezy walk.

There was no guest to dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old staghound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye, while Finette, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs. Scott, by whom I soon perceived she was completely spoiled.

The conversation happened to turn on the merits of his dogs, and Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favorite Camp. He talked of him as a real friend whom he had lost. It is this dog, Camp, who is depicted by his master's side in many of the early engravings of Sir Walter Scott.

WASHINGTON IRVING



## THE PICNIC IN THE COVE

[The following selection is from "The Pearl of Orr's Island," a very pleasing story of early New England life by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The heroine of the story is Mara, a little girl who lives with her grandparents, Captain and Mrs. Pennel, on a lonely island near the coast of Maine. The only other member of the family is Moses, an orphan who was adopted by Mara's grandparents as a brother and playmate for her. A very interesting and entertaining character in the book is Captain Kittridge, an old sea captain who greatly enjoys telling fanciful extravagant tales to the children, Moses, Mara and his own little girl, Sally, pretending that these wonderful things really did happen in the foreign countries which he had visited in his many voyages.

The picnic comes at the point in the story where Mara and her grandmother are alone, for Captain Pennel has gone on a long sea voyage, taking the boy Moses with him.]

JUNE and July passed, and the lonely two lived a quiet life in the brown house. Everything was so still and fair, no sound but the coming and going tide, and the swaying wind among the pine trees, and the tick of the clock and the whirr of the little wheel as Mrs. Pennel sat spinning at her door in the mild weather.

Mara read the Roman history through again and began it a third time, and read over and over again the stories and prophecies that pleased her in the Bible and pondered the woodcuts and texts in a very old edition of "Æsop's Fables." And as she wandered in the woods, picking fragrant checkerberries and sassafras, she mused on the things that she read,



and invented long dramas and conversations in which the characters performed imaginary parts. It would not have appeared to the child in the least degree surprising either to have met an angel in the woods or to have formed an intimacy with some talking wolf or bear such as she read of in "*Æsop's Fables*."

One day as she was exploring the garret, she found in an old barrel of cast-off rubbish a bit of reading which she begged of her grandmother for her own. It was the play of "*The Tempest*," torn from an old edition of Shakespeare, and was in that delightfully fragmentary condition which most particularly pleases children.

Little Mara would lie for hours stretched out on the pebbly beach with the broad open ocean before her and the whispering pines and hemlocks behind her, and pore over this poem from which she collected dim, delightful images of a lonely island, an old enchanter, a beautiful girl and a fairylike spirit. As for old Caliban, the slave, she fancied him with a face much like that of a huge skate fish she had once seen drawn ashore in one of her grandfather's nets; and then there was the beautiful young Prince Ferdinand, very much like what Moses would be when he was grown up.

That it was all of it as much authentic fact as the Roman history, she did not doubt, but whether it had happened on Orr's Island or some of the neighboring ones, she had not exactly made up her mind. She resolved at her earliest leisure to consult Captain Kittridge on the subject, wisely considering that it much resembled some of his experiences.



Many of the little songs fixed themselves in her memory, and she would hum them to herself as she wandered up and down the beach.

“Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that can fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange;  
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them — ding — dong, bell.”

These words she pondered very long, gravely revolving in her little head whether they described the usual course of things in the mysterious underworld that lay beneath that blue spangled floor of the sea, whether everybody's eyes changed to pearl and their bones to coral, if they sunk down there, and whether the sea nymphs spoken of were the same as the mermaids that Captain Kittridge had told about in his famous stories to the children. Had he not said that the bell rung for church on a Sunday morning down under the water?

One bright afternoon, when the sea lay asleep and the long steady respiration of its tides scarcely disturbed the glassy tranquillity of its bosom, Mrs. Pennel sat at her kitchen door spinning, when Captain Kittridge appeared.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Pennel, how are you getting along?”



"Oh, pretty well, Captain; won't you walk in and have a glass of lemonade?"

"Well, thank you," said the captain, raising his hat and wiping his forehead. "I am pretty thirsty, that's a fact."

Mrs. Pennel hastened to the pantry and soon returned bearing a huge pitcher of lemonade. Filling a tumbler with the fresh cooling beverage, she presented it to the captain who sat down in the doorway and discussed it in leisurely sips.

"Well, I suppose it's almost time to be looking for them home, isn't it?" he asked.

"I am looking every day," replied Mrs. Pennel, glancing out at the sea.

Just then the vision of little Mara appeared, rising like a spirit from a dusky corner where she had been reading.

"Why, little Mara," exclaimed the captain, "you rise up like a ghost all of a sudden! I thought you were out at play. I came down on purpose for you. Mrs. Kittridge has gone to Brunswick shopping, and has left Sally at her sewing with a 'stent' to do, and I promised her if she would hurry and do it, I'd go up and fetch you down, and we'd have a play in the cove."

Mara's eyes brightened, as they always did at this prospect, and Mrs. Pennel said, "Well, I'm glad to have the child go; she seems so still and lonesome since Moses went away; really one feels as if that boy took all the noise there was with him. I get tired myself sometimes hearing the clock tick. Mara, when she is alone, takes to her book more than is good for a child."



"She does, does she? Well, we'll see about that. Come, little Mara, get on your sunbonnet. Sally is sewing away as fast as ever she can, and we're going to dig some clams and make a fire and have a chowder; that will be nice, won't it? Don't you want to come, too, Mrs. Pennel?"

"Why, thank you, Captain, but I've got so many things on hand to do before they come home, I don't really think I can. I'd trust Mara with you any day."

Mara had run into her own little room and secured her precious fragment of treasure, which she wrapped up carefully in her handkerchief, resolving to enlighten Sally with the story and to consult the captain on any nice points of criticism.

Arrived at the cove, they found Sally already there in advance of them, clapping her hands and dancing in a manner which made her black elflocks fly like those of a distracted creature.

"Now, Sally," said the captain, "are you sure you've finished your work well?"

"Yes, Father, every stitch; I finished it half an hour ago, and I've found the most capital bed of clams just around the point here. You take care of Mara and make a fire while I dig them. If she comes, she'll be sure to wet her shoes or spoil her frock or something."

"Well, she likes no better fun, now," said the captain, watching Sally as she disappeared round the rock with a bright tin pan.

He then proceeded to construct an extemporary fireplace



of loose stones and to put together chips and shavings for the fire, in which work little Mara eagerly assisted; but the fire was crackling and burning cheerily long before Sally appeared with her clams; and so the captain, with a pile of hemlock boughs by his side, sat on a stone feeding the fire leisurely from time to time with crackling branches. Now was the time for Mara to make her inquiries.

"Captain Kittridge," she began, "do the mermaids toll any bells for people when they are drowned?"

Now the captain had never been known to indicate the least ignorance on any subject in the wide world on which any one wished his opinion. He therefore leisurely poked another great crackling bough of green hemlock into the fire, and, Yankee-like, answered one question by asking another. "What put that into your curly head?" he asked.

"A book I've been reading says that mermaids toll the bells under the sea — that is, sea nymphs do. Are sea nymphs and mermaids the same thing?"

"Well, I guess they are pretty much the same thing," said the captain, rubbing down his pantaloons; "yes, they are," he added after reflection.

"And when people are drowned, how long does it take for their bones to turn into coral and their eyes into pearl?" asked Mara.

"Well, that depends upon circumstances," answered the captain, who would never allow himself to be posed; "but let me just see that book from which you have been reading all these things."



"I found it in a barrel up garret and Grandma gave it to me," said Mara, unrolling her handkerchief. "It's a beautiful book — it tells about an island and an old enchanter who lived there. This enchanter had one daughter, and there was a spirit they called Ariel whom a wicked old witch fastened in a split in a pine tree. And the enchanter got him out. He was a beautiful spirit, and he rode in the curled clouds and hung in flowers because he could make himself big or little, you see."

"Ah yes, I see, to be sure," said the captain, nodding his head.

"Well, that about sea nymphs ringing his knell is here," said Mara, beginning to read the passage with great emphasis. "You see," she went on, speaking very fast, "this enchanter had been a prince. Many years ago a wicked brother of his had contrived to send him to sea with his poor little daughter in a ship so leaky that the very rats had left it."

"Bad business that!" said the captain, sententiously.

"Well," said Mara, "they were cast ashore on this desolate island, where they lived together. But once when a ship was passing by in which were his wicked brother, the king of Naples and his son, a real good, handsome young prince, why, then the enchanter made a storm on the sea by magic arts."

"Just so," said the captain. "I suppose that has often been done."

"And the ship was wrecked and all the people were cast



ashore, but none of them were drowned. And the handsome prince heard Ariel, the beautiful spirit of which I told you, singing a song about the king, his father, and so he thought he must be dead."

"Well, what became of them?" interposed Sally, who had come up with her pan of clams in time to hear the story to which she listened with breathless interest.

"Oh, the beautiful young prince married the beautiful young lady," answered Mara.

"Well, I tell you," said the captain, who by this time had found his bearings, "that is what people call 'a play.' I saw them act it in a theater once when I was in Liverpool. I know all about it. Shakespeare wrote it, and he was a great English poet."

"But did it ever really happen?" asked Mara, trembling between hope and fear. "Is it like the stories in the Bible and Roman history?"

"Why, no," replied Captain Kittridge, "not exactly, but," he added, always ready to use his imagination for the benefit of the children, "things do happen like it, you know. Mer-men and mermaids are common in foreign countries. They are a kind of people that have their world just like ours, only it is down on the bottom of the sea; for the bottom of the sea has its mountains and its valleys, its trees and its bushes, and it stands to reason there should be people down there, too.

"Once when I was at the Bahamas — it was one Sunday morning in June, the first Sunday in the month — we cast



anchor pretty near a reef of coral. You could look down and see the coral and the sea plants as handsome as a picture; and the mermaids were singing. I was just sitting down to read, when up comes a merman over the side of my ship, all dressed as fine as any old beau you ever saw, with cocked hat and silk stockings and shoe buckles, and his clothes were sea green and his shoe buckles shone like diamonds."

"Father, do you suppose they really were diamonds?" asked the practical Sally.

"Well, child, I didn't ask him, but I shouldn't be surprised from all I know of their ways if they were," replied the captain, who had now got wholly into the spirit of his fiction.

"But, as I was saying, he came up to me and, making a very low bow, he said politely, 'Cap'n Kittridge I presume.'

"'Yes sir,' said I.

"'I'm sorry to interrupt your reading,' said he.

"'Oh, never mind that,' said I.

"'But,' said he, 'if you would only be so good as to move your anchor. You've cast anchor right before my front door, and my wife and children can't get out to go to church.'"

"But, Father," said Sally, "if his wife and children couldn't get out, how did he get out?"

"Oh! he got out of the scuttle on the roof," said the captain, promptly.

"And did you move your anchor?" asked Sally.

"Why, child, yes, to be sure I did; he was so much of a



gentleman, I wanted to oblige him. It shows you how important it is always to be polite."

"But," said Mara, "did you ever see an enchanter, one who could make storms?"

"No, Mara, I can't say that I ever did, but I have heard a great deal about witches and conjurers who, they said, could make storms. A sailor once told me that one time when he was crossing the equator about twelve o'clock at night, an old man with a long white beard that shone like silver came and stood at the masthead. He had a pitchfork in one hand and a lantern in the other, and there were great balls of fire as big as a man's fist all around in the rigging. And that night there was a terrible thunderstorm."

"Why!" exclaimed Mara, her eyes staring with excitement, "that was just like this shipwreck. It was Ariel who made those balls of fire; he says so; he said he 'flamed amazement' all over the ship."

The captain now began leisurely to open the clams, separating from the shells the contents which he threw into a pan, meanwhile placing a black pot over the fire, in which he had previously arranged certain pieces of salt pork which soon began to frizzle in the heat.

"Now, Sally, you peel those potatoes, and mind you slice them thin," said he; and Sally was soon busy with her work.

"Yes," said the captain, going on with his part of this wonderful story, "people used to tell about old witches who could brew storms and who went to sea in sieves."





" THE CAPTAIN BEGAN LEISURELY TO OPEN THE CLAMS "

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"Went to sea in sieves!" exclaimed both children. "Why, a sieve couldn't swim!"

"No, it couldn't," said the captain; "but that was to show what great witches they were."

"But this was a good enchanter," said Mara, "and he did it all by a book and a rod."

"Yes, yes," said the captain, "that is the way in which they said magicians always used their enchantment."

"Well," said Mara, "my enchanter was a king; and when he had done all he wanted, and his daughter was married to the beautiful young prince, he said he would break his staff and would bury his book in the sea, 'deeper than plummet sounded.'"

"It was pretty much the best thing he could do," said the captain, who was now quite ready to return to practical life. He now commenced arranging the clams and sliced potatoes in alternate layers with sea biscuit, strewing in salt and pepper as he went on. In a few moments, a smell fragrant to hungry senses began to steam upward. Sally meanwhile had washed and prepared some mammoth clamshells to serve as ladles and plates for the future chowder.

"Captain Kittridge," burst out Mara, "what did you mean by saying you had seen them act that in a theater?"

"Why, they make it all seem real; and they have a shipwreck, and you can see it all just right before your eyes."

"And the enchanter and Ariel and Caliban and all?" asked Mara.



"Yes, all of it as clear as day."

"Why, that is by magic, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, no, child, they have ways to make it up, but on the whole I've seen real things a good deal more wonderful than all their shows, and there wasn't any make-believe about them."

A few moments more and all discussion was lost in preparation for the supper. Each one, being supplied with a large shell for soup plate and a little cockleshell for spoon, was given a generous portion of the fragrant stew; then with some slices of bread and butter the evening meal passed off merrily.

The sun was sloping toward the ocean, and the wide blue floor was bedropped here and there with rosy shadows of sailing clouds. Suddenly the captain sprang up, exclaiming:—

"Sure as I'm alive, there they are!"

"Who?" asked the children, eagerly.

"Why, Captain Pennel and Moses; don't you see?"

And in fact on the outer circle of the horizon came drifting a line of small white-breasted vessels, looking like so many doves.

"There they surely are!" cried the captain; while little Mara danced for joy.

"How soon will they be here?"

"Before long," answered the captain; "so, Mara, I guess you'll want to be getting home."



## THE TEMPEST



HERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of seeing any human face but her father's.

They lived in a cave, or cell, made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men.

The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him. For, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, he was able to release many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked demands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite, Ariel, had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing. He took him home to his cell, taught him to speak, and would have been very kind to him, but Caliban's bad nature would not let him



learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and to perform the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to do these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel would come slyly and pinch him. Sometimes he would tumble him down in the mire and then in the likeness of an ape would make faces at him. Then, swiftly changing his shape to the likeness of a hedgehog, the sly spirit would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of human beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress! See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls on board."

"Be not frightened, Miranda," said Prospero, "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of thee, my dear child. You are ignorant who you



are, or where you came from ; and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell ?”

“Certainly I can, sir,” replied Miranda.

“By what ?” asked Prospero ; “by any other house or person ? Tell me what you can remember, my child.”

Miranda said, “It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me ?”

Prospero answered, “You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind ? Do you remember how you came here ?”

“No, sir,” said Miranda, “I remember nothing more.”

“Twelve years ago, Miranda,” continued Prospero, “I was a duke of Milan. You were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything. And as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so indeed he proved.

“I, neglecting all worldly things, buried among my books, devoted my whole time to the improvement of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected by the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince who was my enemy.”



"Why," asked Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they dared not, so great was the love my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail or mast. There he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble I must have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted until we landed on this island, since which time my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda; and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven reward you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having thus spoken, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep. For the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company.



Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners. The king's son, Ferdinand, he said, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw his only son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, who thinks he is drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," said Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hope of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there still more work?" asked Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling. But pardon me, dear master," he added, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so, my gentle spirit," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would



have him do. Away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy position.

"O my young gentleman !" said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, to the Lady Miranda. Come, sir, follow me."

He then began singing : —

"Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange ;  
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them — ding — dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O Father !" said Miranda, "surely that is a spirit. How it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a wonderful creature. Is it not a spirit ?"

"No, child," answered the father ; "it eats, and sleeps and has senses such as we have. This young man you



see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was much surprised at the appearance of this beautiful young prince. And Ferdinand, seeing so lovely a maiden in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was a goddess; and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered that she was no goddess, but a simple maid. She was then going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find that they admired each other; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore coming forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy.

"No," said Ferdinand, "I have no such evil purpose." And he drew his sword to defend himself. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda, throwing her arms around her father, said, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence, child," said her father. "What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine



men, having seen only him and Caliban. Come, young man," he added, turning to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," said Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic that he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero.

Prospero did not keep Ferdinand long confined within his cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him. Then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady!" said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take any rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while."

But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, but was standing



by them invisible. He smiled as he listened to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praise of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any men except you, my good friend, and my dear father. How faces are elsewhere I know not; but believe me, sir, I should not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I should like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech, for young princes speak in courtly phrases, told the innocent Miranda that he was heir to the crown of Naples and that she should be his queen.

Prospero now interrupted their talk by appearing in visible form before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he, "I have overheard and approve of all that you have been saying. And, Ferdinand, if I have treated you too severely, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile if I boast



that she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had important business that required his presence, desired that they would sit down and talk together until he returned.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When they were fatigued with wandering about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished.

Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his little daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these misfortunes were sent to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their repentance was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned, bringing the king, Antonio and old



Gonzalo in their train, who followed the spirit, wondering at the wild music which he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same that had so kindly provided Prospero with books and provisions when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first revealed himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother. Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you," and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each had thought the other drowned in the sea.

"Oh, wonder!" exclaimed Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a fine world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she



seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find that his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda. "She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much. Of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh, how oddly will it sound, that I must ask forgiveness of my child!"

"There, there, no more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they have ended so happily." And then Prospero embraced his brother and again assured him of his forgiveness.

These kind words that Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor and the sailors all on board her; and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords. And for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and to set the cave in order.



Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit ; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant woods and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you ; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily shall I live !"

Here Ariel sang this pretty song : —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I :

In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

*From " Tales from Shakespeare."*



## THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

WHAT are the sources whence our modern literature derives its life and sustenance? Looking through the Middle Ages, we may discern three distinct literary streams.

First, there is the stream of spiritual life and spiritual thought. The Middle Ages were preëminently "Ages of Faith." They were not ages in which perfection was attained by society at large. They were ages deficient in many of the comforts and conveniences of life that we enjoy to-day. They were ages in which war was carried on with barbarous cruelty, and men became no less distinguished for their vices than others became distinguished for their virtues.

These were ages in which great holiness frequently was found side by side with enormous crime, and sometimes the very men who had sinned became repentant and humble and devout children of the Church in later years. Religion presided over the general routine of life. People prayed much.

It was a common practice for laymen busily engaged in the affairs of life to devote a certain number of hours daily to the recitation of the Divine Office. Feast days were numerous and were observed with all the pomp of religious ceremonial. Men lived, so to speak, in intimate communion with the world beyond the grave. Heaven and the heavenly hosts, hell and purgatory, were to the people of those days greater realities than the very earth they trod upon.



And so we find many sources whence they drew spiritual sustenance. Sermons were preached and listened to with awe and reverence and an attention that only the greatest orators can command to-day.

In every language we find hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints. These hymns abounded in England as well as in other countries of Europe; and England on account of her great devotion to the Blessed Virgin was known in Catholic days as "Our Lady's Dowry." One of those hymns that was sung by the people speaks the same language that the hymns of Father Faber or any of our modern poets speak upon the same subject:—

"Blessed be thou, Lady,  
So fair and so bright;  
All my hope is upon thee  
By day and by night."

So sang one of the Catholic bards in the reign of Henry III. Again, there were spiritual books in those days teaching the practices and principles of ascetic life. The flower of all these is the "Imitation of Christ," written by Thomas à Kempis in the fourteenth century.

But there were other means of instructing the people besides books. The paintings, the pictured windows, the sculptured statues, the bronze doors, the carvings around the pulpit, were all so many means of conveying some spiritual truth or other and of making known some scene or event in the life of a patron saint.



Again, spiritual lessons were conveyed by means of the miracle plays and moralities, which were enacted on festivals with great pomp and ceremony. Christmas had its miracle plays in which the events surrounding the birth of Our Lord were beautifully represented. Easter had its miracle plays in which the resurrection of Our Lord was enacted. *Corpus Christi* had its miracle plays in which the beautiful scenes surrounding the institution of the Holy Eucharist were reproduced.

The great patron saints were celebrated in these miracle plays, but above all, the Passion of Our Lord was reverently and devoutly played from the church door and the church porch, before immense audiences. These miracle plays have now vanished, the only surviving one being the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

You will find in the literatures dealing with the subject a great deal said against these miracle plays. But no critic ever attended the Passion Play at Oberammergau that did not return from there loud in his admiration of everything connected with that sublime drama. And if this is true of the sole surviving specimen that remains to us, it was no less true of the general run of the plays that were enacted in those mediæval days. They were so many object lessons for the people, teaching them more profoundly than any book could do the depth and meaning of the great events recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

BROTHER AZARIUS

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## THE NOBLE SIX HUNDRED

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century there was a terrible war between England and Russia. It was known as the Crimean War because the main battle ground was the Peninsula of Crimea. At a place called Balaklava a great battle was fought, which has become especially famous on account of a remarkable deed of valor performed by the "Light Brigade," a company of six hundred English soldiers.

Through some great mistake they received the order to go forward a mile and a half and attack a part of the Russian army, which was greatly superior to them in numbers and well protected by heavy batteries of artillery. The soldiers knew that such an undertaking was rash and foolish, but not one of them was dismayed; they knew that some one had blundered, but it was not their part to question the wisdom of the order; it was their duty to obey, and gallantly they rode forward.

With a battery of artillery in front of them, on the right hand and on the left, these splendid heroes rushed upon the enemy, and plunging into the very midst of the cannon smoke they attacked the Russians so fiercely that they were utterly routed and driven back. But it was a victory dearly bought, for out of the six hundred horsemen who so bravely rode forward only one hundred and ninety-eight were left to return.



This was the gallant charge of the Noble Six Hundred on which the world looked with wonder and admiration, and which has become famous in the history of heroic deeds. The story of their bravery should never be forgotten. It has been told very vividly by Alfred Tennyson, one of their own countrymen, in his well-known poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

*H*ALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.



Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
    Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode, and well ;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
    Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    All the world wondered :  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke ;  
    Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the saber stroke,  
    Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not —  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
    Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well



Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them —  
Left of six hundred.



THE RETURN OF THE SIX HUNDRED

When can their glory fade ?  
Oh, the wild charge they made !  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade —  
Noble six hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON



## THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land  
A noble type of good  
Heroic womanhood.

LONGFELLOW

THE name of Florence Nightingale has long since become a household word. It is she of whom the poet writes these beautiful lines. She it is who, he says, shall stand in history as a model of heroism and sacrifice.

It was a true prophecy. Florence Nightingale does indeed stand as a bright and noble example of devotion to duty and forgetfulness of self, in her efforts to relieve the suffering of the soldiers in the terrible Crimean War. She deserves all the praise which we give the bravest soldier who risks his life on the field of battle. Her spirit was as dauntless, her courage as fearless, as any of the famous "Six Hundred" who went down "into the jaws of Death" in this dreadful war.

When we know how she devoted her life to deeds of mercy, we expect to find that in her childhood she was thoughtful and kind to every one; and in this we are not disappointed. She was also very gentle always in her treatment of animals, and would never let one suffer pain, hunger or thirst if she could prevent it.

It is interesting to know that her first attempt at nursing



was in the care of an old Scotch shepherd dog whose leg had been injured. Her success was so good that from that time whenever any one in the village had a cut or a bruise, or when any animal was sick, "Miss Florence" was sent for. She seemed to have a perfect genius, a real aptitude for nursing.

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, the "City of Flowers," and for this fair city she was given her name of Florence. Her father was a wealthy English gentleman and scholar. He believed that girls as well as boys should have the best education possible, and he gave his daughters many advantages and opportunities for improvement. Before Florence was seventeen she was proficient in many branches of study, was a fair artist, a good musician and an accomplished scholar in English, French, German and Italian.

She and her sister were presented at the court of Queen Victoria, but gay society had little charm for her. She had heard the heavenly call, "Come up higher," and she now resolved to devote her whole life to work among the sick and suffering.

After visiting many hospitals in London and Dublin, she began a course of instruction in Germany. Later she completed her training by study with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. Thus, after ten years of such preparation, she was well fitted for her life work, and when the call came it found her ready.

The cruel war between England and Russia was then



going on in the Far East. War at all times is a terrible thing. Many valuable lives must be lost and untold misery be brought upon innocent men, women and little children. But when the sick and wounded must lie uncared for, because there are no doctors or nurses, when supplies of food, warm clothing, bedding, medicines and all comforts for the sick are wanting, the suffering is greatly increased.

In spite of the most cruel privation and hardship, the brave English soldiers fought on. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, "stormed at with shot and shell," in the midst of cold fogs and darkness, they fought and conquered again and again, and all the world rang with the praises of those splendid heroes.

Florence Nightingale, far away in her happy English home, heard of the horrors of this dreadful war. She wrote to the head of the War Department in London, offering her services to the sick and wounded at Scutari, where the need was greatest. This offer was gladly accepted, and she was at once appointed to take charge of a band of thirty-eight nurses who were to leave for the East in eight days. Among these devoted women were ten Sisters of Charity from St. Stephen's Hospital in Dublin, several English nuns and fourteen hospital nurses.

The "angel band" arrived at Scutari just after a great battle, in time to care for the wounded who were brought from the field. The hospital arrangements were very poor, and everything was in the greatest confusion. The gentle missionaries must set themselves at once to the difficult



task of reform. They must bring order out of chaos and transform this dreadful misery into comfort and cheer.

Their rooms were at one end of the barracks, henceforth called "The Sisters' Tower." These rooms now presented a busy and interesting scene. Piled high on the floors were packages of shirts, socks, slippers and flannel; heaps of everything for comfort and cleanliness needed in a sick room. On a large table were supplies of food and medicines which the Sisters and nurses were ever ready to take to the thousands lying helpless in those vast hospitals.

And over all the gentle "Lady in Chief" presided, directing and encouraging. Soon the whole place knew the blessing of cleanliness. Kitchens and laundries were established, and all the hospital appointments were thoroughly reformed. Full reports and vivid descriptions of the conditions were sent to the English government, and to private supporters and friends at home, so that the sympathies of the whole nation were aroused. All England awoke to the needs of the army that was fighting so valiantly; and from the queen to the humblest peasant, the people began to make warm garments and to prepare lint and bandages for the soldiers.

And far away at the seat of war, wherever there was disease in its most dangerous form, wherever the need and suffering were the greatest, there the calm, sweet face of Florence Nightingale was seen. She was a "ministering angel" in very truth.

As her slender form glided quietly through the wards,



every poor fellow's face softened with gratitude, and his eyes followed her until she was out of sight.

"To see her pass was happiness," said one of them. "As she passed by the beds, she would nod to one and smile at another. We lay there by hundreds. She could not see us all every time, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell and would lay our heads upon the pillow again, content."

When all the medical officers had retired for the night, and silence and darkness had settled down over those long lines of sick and wounded men, the "Soldiers' Friend" might have been seen alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds.

"Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room."

We can hardly imagine the privations and hardships that were endured by this whole band of Sisters and nurses at Scutari. Many of them never returned to England, but lie in their quiet graves on the shores of that far-off sea. They spent themselves freely in labor and in sacrifice, but the labor seemed light and the sacrifice sweet when they thought of the affection and the gratitude of the poor suffering soldiers.

One day the honored "Queen of the Nurses" was obliged to pass in front of the army drawn up in line of battle. As soon as the men of the regiment saw that the slight lady in black was the "Soldiers' Friend," they sent up cheer after



cheer, until the sound echoed miles away and startled the Russians in their camp.

But soon the soldiers sadly bore the slender form of Florence Nightingale up the hill to one of the rude sheds used as a hospital. She had been stricken with fever and now lay for many days between life and death. When she recovered she refused to go home for rest, but insisted upon returning to her work. Not until peace was concluded and the army withdrawn would she leave those terrible battle-fields.

Queen Victoria had already sent to Miss Nightingale a letter in her own hand and a jeweled cross of St. George with the words, "Blessed are the Merciful," inscribed in letters of gold. The army and the nation now wished to present her with some token of their appreciation of her noble work. It came in the form of a large sum of money, about two hundred thousand dollars. This great fortune was expended at Miss Nightingale's request in founding a School for Training Nurses.

After her return to England she gave much time and attention to improvements in army hospitals, and her advice was eagerly sought both by the American and English governments. She assisted in forming the Red Cross Society, whose members are now to be seen on every battle-field in the world.

So this was the life work of Florence Nightingale, the dear "Lady of the Lamp," the "Queen of Nurses" and the "Soldiers' Friend." She has left us a bright example and an




honored name to which every tender and loyal heart will gladly pay its homage. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

## SANTA PHILOMENA

[Florence Nightingale has been called a "true daughter of St. Philomena," for like her she devoted her life to the sick and wounded.

There is a famous picture of St. Philomena over the altar in a chapel dedicated to her in the Church of St. Francis at Pisa. She is represented as a beautiful nymph-like figure floating down from Heaven attended by two angels, who are bearing the palm, the lily and the spear. The palm is the emblem of victory and martyrdom, the lily that of purity and the spear shows the instrument by which the saint met her death. In the foreground of the picture are the sick and wounded who were healed by her care and intercession. It is this picture to which Longfellow refers in his beautiful poem in praise of Florence Nightingale.]

 HENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp  
The starved and frozen camp —



The wounded from the battle plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily and the spear,  
The symbol that of yore  
Saint Philomena bore.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



## TWO POETS OF IRELAND

## I

Francis Sylvester Mahony



RANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY, a celebrated author of books of travel and of many beautiful poems, was born in 1804 at Cork, Ireland. From early youth it was his great desire to become a priest. While still very young he entered college, studied at Rome and Paris and in due time was ordained to the priesthood.

It was soon very evident that the young priest had a great talent for writing and that a distinguished literary career was in store for him. Under an assumed name he commenced writing for English periodicals, and ere long became very celebrated as a witty and brilliant author both of prose and poetry.

At this time he was living in London, where he was readily admitted to a circle of prominent men of letters, who prized his friendship very highly. His learning, wit, vivacity and genial, companionable nature made him a great favorite with them all.

In this group of authors were several with whose writings we are already somewhat familiar — Bryan Procter, who wrote under the pen name Barry Cornwall, James Hogg, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd," and Charles Dickens.

After several years in London with these congenial friends



Father Mahony traveled upon the continent for a long time, and during all this period of his life abroad, he was a valued foreign correspondent to London journals.

But though a wanderer from home for many many years, Francis Mahony never forgot his native place, nor ceased to think of Ireland with tenderness and affection. All the magnificence of splendid foreign cities were as nothing to him compared with the dear little city of his childhood, to which his mind often turned with longing.

The chiming of church bells would always make him think of home. He was charmed and delighted with their gladdening tumult, with their music which has been called "the singing of the city." "The effect," he says, "of the ringing together of all the bells in all the steeples in the great city of Paris on some feast day or time of public rejoicing is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprisingly beautiful. But after all there is nothing like the association which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple."

In the charming poem, "The Bells of Shandon," which of all his works is perhaps the most generally known and admired, we can see this intense longing of the poet for home; we can detect the feeling of homesickness for his dear native place. The poem was written while he was in Rome as a student, and it is said that some lines of it are still to be seen scratched on the walls of his old room.

The famous bells of Shandon were hung in the steeple of



the Church of St. Ann at Cork. This lofty spire built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle was one hundred and twenty feet high. Standing upon an eminence, it was a prominent object in the town, and it could be seen at a distance of many miles. To the weary traveler, returning home after long absence in foreign lands, it was a welcome sight.

As he approached the city by the charming river which Thomas Moore calls "its noble sea avenue," the tower of St. Ann's would come into view, and the melody of Shandon bells would reach his ear. No sound in all the world, he thought, could ever be so sweet; no music could be so entrancing. For in the magical chiming of those bells, fond memories came back to him, memories of his childhood in the dear old city, and of many happy days beside the pleasant waters of that beautiful river, the River Lee.

### The Bells of Shandon

WITH deep affection and recollection,  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spell.  
On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.



I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught like thine ;  
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling  
On thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame :  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
Oh ! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk, Oh !  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me ;  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY



## II

## William Allingham

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, born in 1828 at Ballyshandon, Ireland, was a distinguished poet and essayist, whose writings constitute a valuable addition to our store of good literature. We may associate his name with that of Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle and Rossetti, for they were his intimate and lifelong friends in the literary world.

Allingham's great ambition was to become a poet ; this he accomplished through much effort and perseverance. When only fourteen years old, he was obliged to leave school and to begin work as a clerk in the town bank. But in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, the courageous boy kept on with his study and reading, persistently working alone year after year until he had mastered Greek, Latin, French and German. He seemed to have a constant craving for knowledge.

The early home of our poet was in the delightful old town of Ballyshandon, and in this he was fortunate, for he was a real child of nature and loved all things bright and beautiful. Let us read what he himself says of his cottage home and of the dear little village in County Donegal.

"Opposite the hall door, a good sized walnut tree leaned its wrinkled stem towards the house, and brushed one of the second story windows with its broad fragrant leaves. To sit at that little upper window when it was open to a summer twilight, and the great tree rustled gently and sent one leafy spray so far that it even touched my face, was an enchant-



ment beyond all telling. Killarney, Switzerland, Venice, could not in later life come near it.

"On three sides the cottage looked on flowers and branches, which I count as one of the fortunate chances of my childhood, the sense of natural beauty thus receiving its due share of nourishment of a kind suitable to those early years.

"The little old town where I was born has a voice of its own, low, solemn, persistent, humming through the air day and night, summer and winter. Whenever I think of that town I seem to hear the voice. The river which makes it rolls over rocky ledges into the tide.

"Before, spreads a great ocean in sunshine or storm; behind, stretches a many-islanded lake. On the south runs a wavy line of blue mountains, and on the north over green rocky hills rise peaks of a more distant range. The trees hide in glens or cluster near the river; gray rocks and boulders lie scattered about the windy pastures. The sky arches wide over all, giving room to multitudes of stars by night, and long processions of clouds blown from the sea, but also, in the childish memory where these pictures live, to deeps of celestial blue in the endless days of summer.

"An odd out-of-the-way little village ours, on the extreme western edge of Europe, our next neighbors sunset way being citizens of the great new republic which indeed to our imagination seemed little if at all farther off than England in the opposite direction."

In his evening walks through the quiet town, Allingham often heard the village girls at their cottage doors singing the old ballads of Erin. He was always interested in these folk songs, songs which expressed the real thoughts and feelings of the people, and which were learned by rote and passed down from generation to generation.

These old ballads had never been printed, and some lines had been forgotten and lost. The missing words were now



supplied by the young poet, verses and poems of his own were added and the songs printed on single slips of paper with little pictures at the top to illustrate the verses, especially if they were about the sea.

These slips of paper were then given away or sold in the neighborhood, and afterwards as the poet took his evening strolls through the village he had the pleasure of hearing his own ballads sung at the cottage doors by those same lassies who were quite unaware that the author was passing by.

William Allingham was a real poet by nature. Although he was obliged all through his life to spend much of his time in business pursuits, yet he "heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies," and "his songs gushed from his heart like showers from the clouds of summer." There is the charm of sincerity in his thought, and there is a quaintness and beauty in his expression which have made him a great favorite with his countrymen and which we who are "their next neighbors sunset way" cannot fail to admire. The delightful songs and essays of this gifted writer have given him an enviable place among the authors of the world's best literature.

### The Abbot of Inisfalen

#### I

THE Abbot of Inisfalen  
Awoke ere dawn of day;  
Under the dewy green leaves  
Went he forth to pray.



The lake around his island  
Lay smooth and dark and deep,  
And, wrapt in a misty stillness,  
The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,  
When the dawn was dim and gray ;  
The prayers of his holy office  
He faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,  
When the dawn was waxing red,  
And for his sins' forgiveness  
A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneel'd that holy Abbot  
When the dawn was waxing clear ;  
And he pray'd with loving-kindness  
For his convent brethren dear.

Low kneel'd that blessed Abbot,  
When the dawn was waxing bright ;  
He pray'd a great prayer for Irelánd,  
He pray'd with all his might.

Low kneel'd that good old Father,  
While the sun began to dart ;  
He pray'd a prayer for all mankind,  
He pray'd it from his heart.



## II

The Abbot of Inisfalen  
Arose upon his feet ;  
He heard a small bird singing,  
And, oh, but it sang sweet !

He heard a white bird singing well  
Within a holly tree ;  
A song so sweet and happy  
Never before heard he.

It sang upon a hazel,  
It sang upon a thorn ;  
He had never heard such music  
Since the hour that he was born.

It sang upon a sycamore,  
It sang upon a brier ;  
To follow the song and hearken  
This Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him  
He might no longer stay ;  
So he blessed the little white singing bird,  
And gladly went his way.

## III

But when he came to his Abbey walls,  
He found a wondrous change ;  
He saw no friendly faces there,  
For every face was strange.



The strange spoke unto him ;  
And he heard from all and each  
The foreign tone of the Sassenach,  
Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest monk came forward,  
In Irish tongue spake he ;  
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,  
And who hath given it to thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress,  
And Cormac is my name,  
The Abbot of this good Abbey  
By grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray, at the dawn of the day ;  
And when my prayers were said,  
I hearkened awhile to a little bird  
That sang above my head."

The monks to him made answer,  
"Two hundred years have gone o'er,  
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate,  
And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot,  
And twenty have passed away.  
The stranger is lord of Ireland ;  
We live in an evil day."



## IV

"Now give me absolution ;  
For my time is come," said he.  
And they gave him absolution,  
As speedily as might be.

Then, close outside the window,  
The sweetest song they heard  
That ever yet since the world began  
Was uttered by any bird.

The monks looked out and saw the bird,  
Its feathers all white and clean ;  
And there in a moment, beside it,  
Another white bird was seen.

Those two they sang together,  
Waved their white wings, and fled ;  
Flew aloft, and vanished ;  
But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body  
Where lake and greensward meet ;  
A carven cross above his head,  
A holly bush at his feet ;

Where spreads the beautiful water  
To gay or cloudy skies,  
And the purple peaks of Killarney  
From ancient woods arise.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



## THE EARLY RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND



**T**IME was when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this section of the earth. They were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place; and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther West.

Generation after generation passed away, and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went; but travel availed them not; the change of place could bring them no truth, nor peace, nor hope, nor stability of heart. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, and their ignorance of their destiny.

At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, but they had not found their rest; they were still heathen, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase the objects and instruments of their idolatrous worship.

And last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of this island, and gave their very name to it; so that, whereas it had hitherto been called Britain,



the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect and glory to His Name?

There was nothing there to merit any visitation of His grace, but the Almighty Lover of souls saw in that poor, forlorn and ruined nature, which he had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favor, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace.

He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beauty and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illuminated and vivified by His supernatural gifts.

And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in His free mercy to unite what was



beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you how, suddenly, the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous and hopeless and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea.

Then suddenly there was a great calm. A change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth. It was poured out over the whole land till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism, flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead.

The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship. It had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had a hierarchal form.



A brotherhood of holy pastors, with miter and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and learned monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the



THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE WERE CONVERTED

fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung and the saints were invoked.

And day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival and gorgeous procession and soothing dirge and passing bell and the familiar evening call to prayer ; till



he who recollected the old pagan time would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvelously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers ; such was the Religion bestowed upon them. And you know its name ; there can be no mistake ; you know what that Religion was called. You know what religion has priests and sacrifices and nuptial rites and the monastic rule and care for the souls of the dead and the profession of an ancient faith, coming through all ages, from the Apostles.

There is one, and only one religion such : it is known everywhere ; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it ; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced — that faith which is still found, the further you trace back towards the age of the Apostles.

And as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions ; it grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. Generation followed generation ; revolution came after revolution ; great men rose and fell ; there were bloody wars and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements ;



Dane and Norman overran the land. And yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

### LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home —  
Lead Thou me on !  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

CARDINAL NEWMAN





THE LOST SHEEP

*Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.— ST. MATTHEW 18: 14.*

(347)



## THE BELL OF ATRI



A T Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
"I climb no farther upward, come what may" —  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market place

Beneath a roof, projecting some small space  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.  
How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one who noted this in passing by  
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.



By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts —  
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.  
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : "What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear ?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarum of the accusing bell !



The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market place,  
Where the great bell upon its crossbeams swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,  
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of bryony. . . .  
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five and twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The knight was called and questioned ; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the king ; then said :



"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?"

"He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."


The knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,  
But go not in to Mass; my bell doth more:

"It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



## THE BOBOLINK

 HE happiest bird of our spring, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincoln or bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year ; and later than this begin the parching and panting and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance : "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure ; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel ; the air is perfumed with the sweetbrier and the wildrose ; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms ; while the young apple, the peach and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season ; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in



blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all Nature called to the fields; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up during the livelong day in a schoolroom.

It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields and fine weather.

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song and taste and sensibility and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury. The very



schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear ; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincoln no more ; he is the reedbird now, the much sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvanian epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan !

Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting ; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous ricebird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career : behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on some Southern table.

Such is the story of the bobolink ; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows and the favorite bird of spring ; finally, a gross little gormand.

WASHINGTON IRVING



## A SONG OF CLOVER



WONDER what the Clover thinks —  
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,  
Lover of Daisies slim and white,  
Waltzer with Buttercups at night ;  
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,  
Serving to them wine dregs and lees,  
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,  
Who sip and pay with finespun words ;

Fellow with all the lowliest,  
Peer of the gayest and the best ;  
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,  
Kissed by the Dewdrops, one by one ;  
Prophet of Good-luck mystery  
By sign of four which few may see ;  
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,  
One out of three, and three in one ;  
Emblem of comfort in the speech  
Which poor men's babies early reach ;

Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,  
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,  
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red —  
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said ;  
Sweet in its every living breath,  
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death !  
Oh ! who knows what the Clover thinks ?  
No one ! unless the Bob-o'-links !

"SAXE HOLM"



## ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.



Modest and shy as a nun is she ;  
One weak chirp is her only note.  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Never was I afraid of man ;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nice good wife that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.



Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care ;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT





## THE SHAMROCK

WHEN April rains make flowers bloom  
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,  
And clouds of color and perfume  
Float from the orchards pink and white,  
I see my shamrock in the rain,  
An emerald spray with raindrops set,  
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,  
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore  
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil,  
Where saint and hero lived of yore,  
And where their sons in sorrow toil;  
And here, transplanted, it to me  
Seems weeping for the soil it left;  
The diamonds that all others see  
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,  
And sparkles on their tiny buds  
That in June nights will overblow  
And fill the world with scented floods,  
The lonely shamrock in our land,  
So fine among the clover leaves,  
For the old springtime often grieves.  
I feel its tears upon my hand.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN



## THE BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

**I**N the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston, who was known among his schoolfellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap boiler and tallow chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen and other people of note often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity, and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap and making tallow candles.

While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word.

Mr. Franklin finally found it so difficult to provide bread for his family that when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candlewicks into equal lengths and filling the molds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make. Thus, you see, in his early days as



well as in his manhood, his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former schoolfellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the millpond, catching flounders, perch and eels which came up thither with the tide.

The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead and salt meadow grass grew under foot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing midleg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So as he and his comrades were returning from the waterside, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.



"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little chap — this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy — talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises ever since he had been old enough to wear trousers.

They remembered his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do anything.

"What is your scheme, Ben? — what is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones, which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder — over shoes and stockings in mud and water. See! I am bedaubed to the knees of my trousers; and you are all in the same pickle. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune."



"That it would ! that it would !" said his companions, sorrowfully.

"Now, I propose," continued Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house ; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads ? Shall we build the wharf ?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah ! hurrah !" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground.



Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius, he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged, he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the waterside, Ben Franklin was the engineer to superintend the construction of the wharf.

The boys by their multitude, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes in consternation. What had become of their heap of stones ?



"Why, Sam," said one, "there has been some witchcraft here. The stones must have flown away through the air!"

"More likely they have been stolen!" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some without. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the waterside.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys — they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with!"

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."



But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. "Sam," said he, "go call a constable."

So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators of the theft. In the course of the day warrants were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil disposed persons who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

But when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, receive sentence and suffer punishment, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was brought out of its resting place on that unlucky night.

As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation. Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly upright one. He had read much for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world, until he had gained much wisdom. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity as of his practical sense and deep view of things.

Consequently, after being released from the clutches



of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation of mind.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offense. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

"Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, Father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

"How can that be, Father?" asked Ben.

"Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is



eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency. Those who act upon such a principle do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world."

"Heaven forbid!" said Benjamin.

"No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. It would be easy to prove this by examples. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining a right end? It is impious to think so. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth — that evil can produce only evil — that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

"Remember," concluded his father, "that whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will prove so."

To the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose that in most of his public and private career he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

After the great event of building the wharf, Ben continued to cut wick yarn and fill candle molds for about two



years. But as he had no love for that occupation, his father often took him to see various artisans at their work, in order to discover what trade he would prefer. Thus Ben learned the use of a great many tools, the knowledge of which afterwards proved very useful to him.

But he seemed much inclined to go to sea. In order to keep him at home, and likewise to gratify his taste for letters, the lad was bound apprentice to his elder brother, who had lately set up a printing office in Boston.

Here he had many opportunities of reading new books and of hearing instructive conversation. He exercised himself so successfully in composition that when no more than thirteen or fourteen years old he became a contributor to his brother's newspaper. Ben was also a versifier, if not a poet. He made two doleful ballads — one about the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake, and the other about the pirate Black Beard, who, not long before, infested the American seas.

When Ben's verses were printed, his brother sent him to sell them to the townspeople, wet from the press. "Buy my ballads!" shouted Benjamin, as he trudged through the streets with a basketful on his arm. "Who'll buy a ballad about Black Beard? A penny apiece! a penny apiece! Who'll buy my ballads?"

If one of those rudely composed and roughly printed ballads could be discovered now, it would be worth more than its weight in gold.

In this way our friend Benjamin spent his boyhood and



youth until, at the age of seventeen, he left his native town and went to Philadelphia. He landed in the latter city, a homeless and hungry young man, and bought threepence



FRANKLIN ENTERS PHILADELPHIA

worth of bread to satisfy his appetite. Not knowing where else to go, he entered a Quaker meetinghouse, sat down and fell fast asleep.

He has not told us whether his slumbers were visited by any dreams. But it would have been a strange dream, indeed, and an incredible one, that should have foretold how



great a man he was destined to become, and how much he would be honored in that very city where he was now friendless and unknown.

So here we finish our story of the childhood of Benjamin Franklin. One of these days, if you would know what he was in his manhood, you must read his own works and the history of American independence.

It would require a whole volume to tell you all that is worth knowing about Benjamin Franklin. There is a pretty anecdote of his flying a kite in the midst of a thunderstorm, and thus drawing down the lightning from the clouds and proving that it was the same thing as electricity. His whole life would be an interesting story, if we had time to tell it. You have seen his portrait a great many times. There are statues of Franklin in many of our cities; and towns, ships of war, steamboats, banks, schools and children are often named after this famous man.

His philosophical discoveries were very important and his political services most valuable, but after all I question whether these would have given him all the fame he acquired. It appears to me that *Poor Richard's Almanac* did more than anything else towards making him familiarly known to the public. As a writer of those proverbs which Poor Richard was supposed to utter, Franklin became the counselor and household friend of almost every family in America. Thus it was the humblest of all his labors that has done the most for his fame.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



## THE REPUBLIC—A PRECIOUS HEIRLOOM

I CONSIDER the republic of the United States one of the most precious heirlooms ever bestowed on mankind down the ages. And it is the duty, and should be the delight, of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our government by the observance of its laws and by the integrity of his private life. "Righteousness," says the Book of Proverbs, "exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to the people."

When the framers of our immortal Constitution were in session, Benjamin Franklin complained to his colleagues of the small progress they had made after several weeks of deliberation. He used these memorable words: "We have spent many days in fruitless discussion. We have been groping in the dark because we have not sought light from the Father of Light to illumine our understanding. I have lived," he continued, "for many years, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I have that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid and coöperation? We are told in the same Sacred Writings that 'unless the Lord build the house, he laboreth in vain who buildeth it.'"

Thank God, the words of Franklin did not fall on barren soil. They have borne fruit. Our government, from its dawn to the present time, has been guided by Christian ideals. It has recognized the existence of a superintending



Providence. This is evident from the fact that our Presidents, from the first to the last, have almost invariably invoked the aid of our Heavenly Father in their inaugural proclamations.

If our government is destined to be enduring, it must rest on the eternal principles of justice, truth and righteousness. And these principles must have for their sanction the recognition of a Supreme Being who created all things by His power, who governs them by His wisdom and whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations and of men.

CARDINAL GIBBONS



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



## THE WAY TO WEALTH

## Being the Preface to Poor Richard's Almanac for 1758

[The next day after reaching Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin obtained a position as journeyman to a printer, and in the course of a few years set up a printing office of his own. He edited a newspaper, *The Philadelphia Gazette*, and under the fictitious name of Richard Saunders commenced the publication of an almanac called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. In this pamphlet all the little spaces between the remarkable days of the calendar were filled with witty sayings and wise maxims which for many years were a source of much entertainment and of real instruction to its readers.

The preface to the Almanac, entitled "The Way to Wealth," is the most widely known of all the writings of this cheerful philosopher. It was written at a time of ill fortune in war, heavy taxes and poor business; and its homely advice is said noticeably to have promoted thrift, economy and cheerfulness among the people, who bought it by the thousands.]

## COURTEOUS READER,

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not having come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? What would you advise us to do?"



Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you'd have my advice, I'll give it you in short ; for *a word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and he proceeded as follows :

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them ; but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly. And from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease nor deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says, in his Almanac of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax the people a tenth part of their time to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, *lost time is never found again* ; and *what we call time enough, always proves little enough*.

"*Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy ; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. While laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him*, as we read in Poor Richard, who adds, *Drive thy business, let not that drive thee ; and Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise*.



“So what signifies wishing for better times. We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish*, as Poor Richard says. *There are no gains without pains*, and, as Richard likewise observes, *he that hath a trade hath an estate and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor*, but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for *at the working man’s house hunger looks in, but dares not enter*.

“What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, *diligence is the mother of good luck*, as Poor Richard says. *Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow*.

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a man afford himself no leisure?’ . . . I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says. *Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure*; and, *since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour*. *Leisure is time for doing something useful*; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never.

“But with our industry we must also be steady, settled and careful, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes *a little neglect may breed great mischief*. *For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost*, being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.



“So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. If you would be wealthy think of saving as well as of getting. Remember what Poor Richard says, *Many a little makes a mickle*; and *A small leak will sink a great ship*.

“Here you are all got together at this sale of finery and knickknacks. You call them goods, but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities*; and again, *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire*.

“These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences, and yet only because they look pretty how many suffer want in order to have them. The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural and, as Poor Dick says, *for one poor person there are a hundred indigent*.

“*Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom*, then, as Poor Dick says, *When the well’s dry, they know the worth of water*; but this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice.

*Fond pride of dress, is sure a very curse;  
E’er fancy you consult, consult your purse.*



“When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more that your appearance may be all of a piece, but *'Tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.*

“And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

*What is a butterfly? At best  
He's but a caterpillar drest.  
The gaudy fop's his picture just.*

All of which is well said by Poor Richard.

“But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, *the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt.* Whereas a free-born man ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living.

“This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but after all do not depend too much on your own industry and



frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

“And now to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that*; for it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct*, as Poor Richard says: however, remember this, *They that won't be counseled, can't be helped*, as Poor Richard says.”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of five and twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of this wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever,  
Thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS

July 7, 1757.





UP THE BROOK

## THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,



For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel.

\* \* \* \* \*

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,



For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeams dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON





## DR. PRIMROSE ON THE VANITY OF DRESS

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers who tilled their own grounds and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they possessed almost all the conveniences of life, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities.

Remote from the gay world, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners ; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of rest and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April and cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve.

Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down ; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, and nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house was of one story only, and was



covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness. The walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved and did not want richer furniture.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner. By sunrise we were all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant; after we had saluted one another with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day.

This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry out of doors, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks awaited us and a neat hearth and a pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would



pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry shrub for the making of which we had lost neither the recipe nor the reputation.

These harmless people had several ways of being good company ; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad — “Johnny Armstrong’s Last Good-night,” or the “Cruelty of Barbara Allen.” The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the Lessons of the day ; and he that read loudest, distinctest and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor’s box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery. They still loved laces, ribbons and buckles.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behavior served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day ; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions. But, when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendor ; their hair skewed up, their faces patched, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion.



In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach, for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children will laugh at us."

"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness but frippery. These ruffings and pinkings and patchings will only make us ridiculous to all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means to assume it."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailng.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH





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**A SACRIFICE OF VANITIES**

(387)



## THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;  
With sated heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;



King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands —  
This is the best crop from thy lands ;  
A heritage, it seems to me  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;  
There is worse weariness than thine



In merely being rich and great ;  
    Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
    And makes rest fragrant and benign ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
    Are equal in the earth at last ;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
    Prove title to your heirship vast  
    By record of a well-filled past ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

OH, the Circus-day Parade ! How the bugles played and played !  
    And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed  
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime !

How the grand band wagon shone with a splendor all its own,  
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known !  
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,  
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined !

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and  
    blue,  
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,



Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,  
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they  
wore !

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,  
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side !  
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,  
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,  
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last  
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there  
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air !

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all the town,  
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down.  
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played  
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh ! the Circus-day Parade ! How the bugles played and played !  
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed  
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor drummer's time  
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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## THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA

ON the Pacific Coast, between the magnificent Sierra Nevada and the ocean, there lies a land which is like a great garden, in which flowers bloom throughout the year and in which stretch miles of orchards and vineyards.



BLUE CAÑON IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

It is a land of contrasts. Birds that have spent the summer in the highlands need fly no farther away than the pleasant valleys of Southern California to find a genial winter home shielded from cold winds by lofty mountains and warmed by soft breezes from the ocean. Grains and fruits of the temperate zone are growing here side by side with the olive, grape, fig, lemon, orange and banana of a



semitropical climate. And in these fertile valleys the palm tree flourishes, symbolical of the south, while within sight on the snow-capped mountains stands the pine tree, emblematic of the north —

“The dim Sierras far beyond, uplifting their minarets of snow.”

It is difficult to realize that this delectable land of fruit and flowers was until the latter part of the eighteenth century a vast wilderness, inhabited only by Indians. Early Spanish explorers had visited its shores, but no attempt to colonize the country was made until 1769. At that time Franciscan Fathers came from Mexico to establish missions, and a force of soldiers came also to protect the missionaries in the unknown land and to take possession of it in the name of the king of Spain.

Thus through the missions, California was brought under the political control of Spain. Later, after the separation of Mexico from the mother country, it became a Mexican province, and finally, as a result of our war with Mexico, it was ceded in 1848 to the United States.

The value of this seacoast to our country can hardly be overestimated, lying, as it does, beside the Pacific Ocean, that great highway of the nations. And if it had not been for the bravery and self-sacrifice of these earnest Franciscan missionaries this land of grand mountains and pleasant valleys might never have become a part of the United States.

The Russians, who then owned Alaska, were reaching down the coast for more territory, and had they obtained



possession of this fertile region with its excellent harbors, some of them the finest in the world, they would never have been willing to relinquish it. The people of the Atlantic Coast little knew at the time of the Declaration of Independence that across the wide continent, on the distant shore of the Pacific Ocean, events were taking place that would prove so momentous to the welfare of the new Republic, events that would lead to the union of the East and the West in one great nation stretching from ocean to ocean.

But in bringing the good news of salvation to the people of this coast, these faithful and zealous followers of St. Francis achieved a far greater and more glorious work than in acquiring territory. At one time there were twenty-one missions along the coast of California, where thousands and thousands of Indians living under the guidance of the Fathers were taught the truths of Christianity and the arts of civilization.

The soldiers who came to represent the Spanish government built forts for the protection of the settlements, beautiful churches were erected, flocks and herds grazed upon the hills, grain and fruit grew in the well-cultivated valleys, and as years passed by, this wild country was transformed into a veritable garden.

Trade was established with the outside world, the mission settlements were formed into towns and ere long grew into large cities. San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, San Rafael, San Francisco and



many others were founded in this way. Nearly all the important towns along the coast bear the names of missions which were established in those places long before there were cities. These names are full of significance to us, for they suggest to our minds the deep religious purpose of the Spanish missionaries, and they also remind us of the great benefit to our country that has resulted from the missions.

### Junipero Serra, "Knight of the Cross"

The name of Father Junipero Serra stands out most prominently in the history of the missions. The boyhood and youth of this great missionary were passed in his native place, the village of Petra, on the island of Majorca. When a boy he was a chorister in the convent of San Bernardino, and there he received his first instruction. From early youth it was his greatest desire to be a missionary, and at the age of sixteen he entered the Franciscan Order and began the preparation for what he hoped would be his life work.

Among his fellow students at the convent were three young men, Palou, Verger and Crespi, his intimate companions, who became his lifelong friends and associates in missionary labors. These four friends earnestly desired to go to the New World and preach the Gospel to the Indians. Many were the talks they had together and many the plans they made in anticipation of a time when perhaps this dearest wish of their hearts would be granted.



At last they received permission to go, and joyfully they set sail for New Spain. On the long voyage provisions fell short and storms nearly wrecked the vessel, but Father Junipero never lost courage. Remembering the end for which they had come, he felt no fear.

For many years after their arrival in Mexico, the friends were kept at work there in preaching and founding missions. But in 1767 it was decided to send a company of monks to Lower California under Junipero as Father President, to take charge of missions which some years before had been founded by the Jesuit Fathers.

At this appointment Father Junipero was filled with deep emotion and could hardly speak for joy. From boyhood he had eagerly longed to preach the Gospel to the Indians on the western coast of America, and now after fifty-six years of his life had passed this great desire was to be fulfilled.

No one better than he could have been selected for this important work. His ardent zeal and his rare executive ability made him a most efficient worker and leader. He was an eloquent preacher, a man of unusual mental power, and he might have passed his life surrounded by the comforts of civilization among enlightened and cultivated people who would have delighted in his brilliant talents, but he chose rather to endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ, to suffer privation and danger in the wilderness that he might carry the Gospel to the heathen.



## The Mission of San Diego

After two years in Lower California, Father Junipero saw a golden opportunity of extending the missions northward. No settlement had as yet been made in that vast territory which we know as the State of California, but the Spanish government now proposed to colonize the country as soon as possible.

The responsibility of organizing an expedition rested upon José de Galvez, the Visitor-General, who represented the king. He was a man of keen insight and clear judgment, a loyal patriot and a zealous son of the Church. The first object of the expedition, he said, was "to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the darkness of paganism, to extend the dominions of the king and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations."

Galvez now began to make plans with Father Serra for an immediate journey. With no knowledge of the country except what could be obtained from the records of Vizcaino, one of the early explorers, they wisely selected the two best points on the coast, now called San Diego and Monterey, as sites for missions. Then the work of preparation went forward with great vigor. Church furniture, ornaments and vestments were donated by the missions of Lower California, food supplies, seeds of vegetables and grain to be planted in the new country were stored, and horses, cattle, mules and farming implements collected.



The company was to go in four divisions, two by land and two by sea, for in this way a knowledge of both routes would be gained. Father Junipero with characteristic self-denial insisted upon taking the land journey, which he knew would be fatiguing and dangerous. The military commander of his division was Captain Portolá, who is so highly honored to-day for his discovery of San Francisco Bay.

The land journey to San Diego was a slow and difficult march. Toiling over vast plains, the travelers came sometimes to great tracts of cactus thickets through which they were obliged to hew a pathway with their axes. Sometimes they found themselves hemmed in by mountains and were forced to wait until scouts could find a pass. For days they were without water except that in their casks, and at other times they were drenched to the skin in cold rains.

After a long and perilous journey the first land party reached a point of high ground from which they could see the Bay of San Diego in the distance and could just discern the masts of the vessels lying at anchor in the harbor, "which sight," writes Father Crespi, who was in this division, "was a great joy and consolation to us all." They fired a salute, which was immediately answered from the ships.

The weary band now went on courageously, and all hearts were filled with joy; but their joy was turned to sorrow when they reached the shore and saw the pitiable condition of their friends. With poor charts and rude vessels the ship division had been a long time at sea. Many had



died, many were very ill and all had suffered much from cold and hunger.

Several weeks later, after the arrival of Father Junipero and Captain Portolá in the second land party, it was decided to send a vessel back to Mexico for supplies. Then a cross was set up, the grand hymn *Veni Creator*, in which the Church invokes the assistance of the Holy Spirit upon all her undertakings, was sung, and in a rude booth of branches the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered. Thus the first mission was founded, and thus was laid the corner stone of the civilization of California, July 16, 1769.

Month after month the little company bravely struggled for existence in this wild country, anxiously awaiting the supply ship from Mexico. Winter passed, and still it did not come. At last, when their provisions were nearly gone and it seemed almost impossible to remain longer, Captain Portolá announced his determination to abandon the mission and to return to Mexico. He finally fixed upon the twentieth of March as the last day that he would wait for the relief ship.

On the morning of that day Father Junipero, who had been praying day and night for divine help in their distress, celebrated High Mass with a special supplication for relief. They were all eagerly watching for the vessel when lo, on the distant horizon, a faint white speck appeared. Their prayers had been answered. It was the sail of the long-looked-for ship, and soon she came into port laden with bountiful stores of everything needed.



### The Second Mission in California

All were now full of courage, and two companies set off at once to establish a mission at Monterey, one division going by sea and one by land. The overland party reached the Point of Pines, the headland at the entrance of the Bay of Monterey, several days before the ship arrived. As soon as she came in sight, bonfires were lighted on shore and the company on shipboard responded by discharging cannon.

Joyfully they met on land and took formal possession of the place, first for the Church with religious ceremonies, and secondly for the king of Spain by planting the royal standard in the ground side by side with the Cross.

"Our joy increased," writes Father Junipero, "when on holy Pentecost Day, June third, close by the same oak tree where the Fathers of Vizcaino's expedition in 1602 had celebrated holy Mass, after we had built an altar, sung the *Veni Creator*, hung and rung the bells, I raised and blessed the great cross, and sang the High Mass, during which I preached to the officers and men of both the sea and land expeditions. Afterwards we sang the *Salve Regina* to the Blessed Virgin before her image; and we closed the ceremonies with the singing of the *Te Deum*. The officers thereupon took formal possession of the land in the name of the king."





STATUE OF FATHER SERRA, AT GOLDEN GATE PARK (401)



When the news of this second mission in the new land reached the City of Mexico, there was great rejoicing. Bells were rung, people ran up and down the streets telling the good news, and printed accounts of it were circulated throughout Mexico and were sent to Spain. It was indeed good news, for now the occupation of the country was really accomplished and the great work of converting the Indians really begun.

### The Life Work of Father Serra Completed

The next few years were years of struggle and hardship and years of heroic achievement, also. These devoted men, far from home in a strange land, laboring earnestly for the salvation of the heathen, endured privation and encountered dangers with patience and courage and with a firm faith that God would crown their efforts with success.

Father Junipero went up and down the country founding missions, and cheering and helping his brother monks. In the face of most appalling discouragement and suffering, his ardor was never chilled, his courage never daunted. His joy and enthusiasm on the beginning of a new mission were vividly described by one who went with him to establish the Mission of San Antonio.

They had wandered off into the wilderness in search of a suitable location, eagerly looking for river valleys which would promise fertility. Father Serra, catching sight of a beautiful oak-shaded plain, ordered a halt. He seized the



bells, and hanging them on an oak bough, began to ring them vigorously, meantime calling aloud, "Hear, hear, O ye Gentiles; come to the Holy Church, come to the Faith of Jesus Christ." On being reminded that not one Indian was in sight, he said, "Let me unburden my heart which could wish that this bell might be heard by all in these mountains and by all the world."

In founding a mission it was the custom first to set up a cross and then to make a shelter of branches called a *Ramada*, where Mass could be celebrated. The Indians were summoned to the place by the ringing of bells, and presents of cloth and trinkets were given to inspire them with faith in the strangers. Two monks were left in charge of each mission and a few soldiers remained to help and defend them.

The priests were forbidden to carry arms, and mantles of deerskin were their only protection against the arrows of hostile Indians, yet they went about unharmed even among unknown tribes. Many of these tribes were friendly, but some were fearful and distrustful. The Fathers, however, were very patient and continued to treat all with the greatest kindness, and in time they won their deepest love and confidence. To show their gratitude and devotion to the friars, the Indians had a beautiful custom of scattering choice grain on the ground before their feet.

The San Carlos Mission at Monterey was Father Serra's own especial charge. When not called away as President of the Missions, he spent his time here, teaching the Indians



and working side by side with them, making adobe for the buildings, digging in the field, doing in fact every kind of



THE STANFORD MONUMENT TO JUNIPERO SERRA AT MONTEREY

work that he required of them. He devoted the remaining years of his life to untiring efforts for the poor Indians of California, and their inconsolable grief at his death



was a greater tribute to his memory than the most eloquent eulogy.

A marble statue representing Father Serra in a boat about to land has been erected in his honor at Monterey on the spot where the booth of branches was made and Mass first celebrated.

### Life at a Mission

At each mission there were buildings providing for hundreds of occupants, and there the Indians were taught the useful arts of civilization. They were trained to be farmers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, millers and artisans in other branches of industry.

A mission was a busy place: men working at trades and tilling the land; women spinning and weaving; young men learning to chant the music of the Church and practicing on the violin, flute, horn and violoncello; children in school; activity everywhere indoors and out of doors. But at the sound of the mission bells at morning, noon and evening, all would leave their work and hasten to the church to assist at Mass or to join in the devotions. In the evening there were games of running, leaping, ball playing and other amusements.

### Mission Architecture

The buildings of the missions were usually erected around an open court. The façade of the church formed the front of





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MISSION SANTA CLARA, FROM A PAINTING BY A. P. HILL



a square, and the other buildings were at right angles. The dormitories of the monks and the steward's room, the traveler's room and schoolroom, the workshop and storehouse, all opened upon the court. In this court and in the famous walled gardens at each mission there were beautiful trees and sparkling fountains.

As the missions became larger, better and finer buildings were made. In several places massive stone churches were erected, with pillars, arched aisles and domes. These churches have become models for the architects of to-day.

From the simple brush shelters which were at first used by the Fathers to these beautiful and stately churches it was a wonderful change indeed. Even to rear such structures was a great accomplishment, but to design a form of architecture so majestic and so symmetrical was an achievement still more wonderful.

In this work of building and decorating churches, the Fathers were animated by the same spirit of devotion which inspired the monks of the Middle Ages. Like them they gave their best thought and their finest workmanship in an effort to make a fit dwelling place for the Most High.

### The Influence of the Missions

As years passed, the missions grew more and more prosperous. Immense tracts of land extending over hill and valley were included in their productive farms. Large herds of cattle and horses and flocks of sheep grazed in the pastures,



and grain fields and fruit orchards covered the plains. By incessant toil the wilderness had been converted into a beautiful garden. And a change as truly great and wonderful had been wrought in the condition of the people. They had been brought out of heathen darkness into the light of Christianity and civilization.

At the end of sixty years the missions had become large communities. The Spanish government now decided to form them into pueblos or towns which should be under civil authority, for this was a part of their original plan of colonization.

But this purpose was executed in such a way that it brought about the ruin of the missions. Much of the rich land belonging to the Fathers was taken away and turned over to the government. During the revolutions in Mexico they were plundered and defrauded by dishonest officials until they were much impoverished. Only a small fraction of their valuable property remained, and some of their finest churches were in ruins.

But though stones may crumble and buildings decay, the influence of these men will never die. The memory of their heroism, self-sacrifice and religious zeal will be forever cherished by the American people, and they will be honored as the first Apostles of Christianity, and as the founders of a great civilization in this beautiful western land.



## JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN

JERUSALEM, the golden!  
With milk and honey blest;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, O I know not,  
What joys await us there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever, and forever,  
Are clad in robes of white.

ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY



## ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



## CENTENNIAL PRAYER

[A Prayer of Gratitude to Almighty God for His great mercies to our country, and of Supplication for His continued Protection and Guidance. Offered by James, Cardinal Gibbons at the opening of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia July first, eighteen hundred seventy-six, one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence.]

WE pray thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws, in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all their proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government, so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.



JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS



We pray Thee for all judges, magistrates, and other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that they may be enabled, by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We pray Thee, especially, for the Judges of our Supreme Court, that they may interpret the laws with even-handed justice. May they ever be the faithful guardians of the temple of the Constitution, whose construction and solemn dedication to our country's liberties we commemorate to-day! May they stand as watchful and incorruptible sentinels at the portals of this temple, shielding it from profanation and hostile invasion.

May this glorious charter of our civil rights be deeply imprinted on the hearts and memories of our people! May it foster in them a spirit of patriotism! May it weld together and assimilate in national brotherhood the diverse races that come to seek a home among us. May the reverence paid to it constitute the promotion of social stability and order, and may it hold the ægis of its protection over us and generations yet unborn, so that the temporal blessings which we enjoy may be perpetuated.

Grant, O Lord, that our Republic, unexampled in material prosperity and growth of population, may be also, under Thy overruling providence, a model to all nations, in upholding liberty without license, and in wielding authority without despotism!

Finally, we recommend to Thy unbounded mercy all our



brethren and fellow-citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law, that they may be preserved in union, and in that peace which the world cannot give, and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon our beloved country and upon all her people, and abide with them forever ! Amen.





## LIST OF PROPER NAMES

Webster's "International Dictionary," edition of 1912, is the authority followed in the accentuation and syllabication.

- Abruzzo (ä-brööt/sō) old dept. containing several provinces, Italy.
- Adrian (ä'dri-än) Roman Emperor.
- Adrian's Mole, the Castle of St. Angelo, which is the remodeled mausoleum of the Emperor.
- Aidan (i'dän) an early Eng. missionary.
- Alaska (ä-läs/kä) ter. belonging to U. S.
- Amsterdam (äm'stēr-däm) a city, Holland.
- Antwerp (änt/wērp) a city, Belgium.
- A'ri-el (ä'ri-ël) a fairy in "The Tempest."
- Arr'an (är'än) isl. w. coast of Scotland.
- As'gard (äs'gård) home of the gods, myth.
- A'tri (ä'trē) a town, Italy.
- Attila (ät'i-lä) king of Huns (a savage tribe), 406-453.
- Augustine (ä-gūs'tin) Bishop of Hippo, 354-430.
- Balaklava (bä-lä-klä'vá) a seaport, Crimea.
- Bannockburn (bän'ük-bürn) a brook, Scotland.
- Bagdad (bäg'däd) a town, Arabia.
- Bäl'der (böl'der) god of light, myth.
- Bal-ta'sar (bäl-tä'zär) masc. proper name.
- Ber'serk (bür'sürk) a wild warrior among the Northmen.
- Bin'nen-hof (bin'nén-höf) a palace at The Hague, now used for keeping archives.
- Björnson (björn sūn) a Norwegian writer.
- Bregenz (brä-gēnts') a town, Austria.
- Bu-ceph-a-lus (bü-sēf ä-lūs) the celebrated war horse of Alexander the Great.
- Cal'i-ban (käl'i-bän) a savage slave of Prospero in "The Tempest."
- Carrick (kär'ik) a prov., Scotland.
- Co-los'sian (kō-lōsh'än) an inhabitant of Colosse.
- Columba (kō-lūm'bä) St. Columbkille, 521-597.
- Constantinople (kōn-stän-tī-nō'p'l) a city, Turkey.
- Con-sti-tu'tion (kōn-stī-tū'shūn). The fundamental principles of government of a nation, state or society.
- Co-rin'thi-an (kō-rin'thi-än) an inhabitant of Corinth.
- Cor'pus Chris'ti (cōr'pūs krīs'tī) a festival in honor of the Eucharist.
- Crespi (crēs'pī) an associate of Serra.
- Crimea (kri-mē'ä) a peninsula, Russia.
- Daas, Je'han (däs, yä'än) Nello's grandfather.
- Dom'i-nie (dōm'i-nē) specif. a pastor of the reformed Dutch Church.
- Eildon (ēl'dōn) hills, Scotland.
- E-phe'sians (ē-fē'zhanz) inhabitants of Ephesus.
- E'rin (ē'rīn) Ireland, an early and now a poetic name.
- Eu-cha-ris'tic (ū-kä-ris'tic) pertaining to the Eucharist.
- Fan'eul (fän'el) a market building, Boston, containing a public hall.
- Fed'er-al (fēd'ēr-äl) specif. a political party.
- Flem'ish (flēm'ish) pertaining to Flanders.
- Franks (fränks) a people who founded the French monarchy.
- Frey (frä) god of summer, myth.

äle, senäte, cäre, äm, decount, ärm, äsk, sofm; éve, évent, énd, recént makër; Ice, fl; öld, öbey, örb,



Frey'a (frä'ä) goddess of spring, myth.  
Friesland (frēz'länd) a prov., Netherlands.

Galvez, José (gäl'veth, hō-sāy') Spanish Visitor-General, who represented the king.

Gas'par (gās'pār) masc. proper name.  
Geismar (gīs'mār) an ancient town, Ger.

Gen'tile (jēn'til) specif. neither a Jew nor a Christian.

Gon-za'lo (gōn-zā'lō) a character in "The Tempest."

Hague, The (hāg) a city, Holland.

Hecla (hēk'lā) a mt., Iceland.

Heim'dal (hīm'dāl) Asgard watchman, myth.

Henry III, king of Eng., 1216-1272.

Hesse (hēs) a region in central Ger.  
Hil'de-brand (hil'dē-brānd) prince in "The Skeleton in Armor."

Hö'der (hū'dēr) a brother of Balder, myth.

In'-is-fa-len (in'is-fā-lēn) a poetic name for Ireland.

Jo'ten-heim (yō'tēn-hīm) home of giants, myth.

Kaatskill (kō'tērz-kīl) Catskill Mts.

Kempis, ā (kēm'pis, ā) Thomas, Ger. ecclesiastic and author.

Ker'mess (kūr'mīs) a fair.

Killarney (kī-lār'nī) lakes and town, Ireland.

Leif (līf) an early Northern voyager.

Lo'ki (lō'kē) fire god, myth.

Los Angeles (lōs ān'jēl-ēs) a city, Cal.

Louvain (lōō-vān') a city, Belgium.

Low Countries, The Netherlands.

Macé, Jean (mā-sā', zhān) French story writer.

Mahony (mā'hō-nī) Irish author.

Mai'da (mā'dā) Scott's dog.

Majorca (mā-jōr'kā) isl. Med. sea.

Martel, Charles (mār-tēl', shārl) a ruler of the Franks.

Mat-thi'as (mā-thi'ās) masc. proper name.

Mel'chi-or (mēl'ki-ōr) masc. proper name.

Mer'cu-ry (mēr'cū-rī) the messenger among the gods.

Methven (mēth'vēn) a town, Scotland.

Meuse (mūs) a river, Holland.

Monterey (mōn-tē-rā') a city, Cal.

Moscow (mōs'cō) a city, Russia.

Morse (mōrs) Am. inventor (telegraph), 1791-1872.

Myn'-heer' (mīn-hār') Mr. or Sir (Dutch).

Naples (nā'pl'z) a city, Italy.

Notre Dame (nōtr'dām') a famous cathedral, Paris.

Nutescelle (nū'tēs-cēl) a town, Eng.

Oberammergau (ō-bēr-ām'mēr-gou) a village, Bavaria.

Olympus (ō-līm'pūs) a mt. in Greece, believed by the Greeks to be the home of the Gods.

Palou (pā'lōō) an associate of Serra.

Par'a-clete (pār'ā-klēt) a term applied to the Holy Spirit.

Pa-ri'sian (pā-rīzh'ān) a native of Paris.

Passion Play, a mystery play in which the scenes connected with the Passion of Christ are represented; as that given every ten years at Oberammergau.

Pa-tra'sche (pā-trā'shā) name of a dog.

Pen'te-cost (pēn'tē-kōst) a festival commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles.

Pentland (pēnt'lānd) a county, Scotland.

Phi-le'mon (fi-lē'mōn) one of the early Christians.

soft, cōnnect; ūse, ūnite, ūn, ūp, cīrcūs, menū; fōod, fōot; out, oil; ink; then, thin; nature, verdure.



Phi-lip/pi-an (fī-līp/'ī-ān) an inhabitant of Philippi.

Pliny (plīn/'lī) a Latin writer.

Portolá (pōr-tō-lá') a Spanish captain.

Post and Pair, an old game at cards.

Pros'pe-ro (prōs/'pē-rō) a character in "The Tempest."

Rachrin (rāc/'rīn) a town, Ireland.

Re Gio-van'ni (rā jō-vā/'nē) King John, Ital.

Rossetti (rō-zēt/'tī) an English writer.

Rotterdam (rōt/'ēr-dām) a city, Holland.

Sæmund (sē/'mūnd) an ancient poet, Iceland.

Sa'ga (sā/'gá) Norse tale or tradition.

Saint Denis (dā-nē') the patron saint of France.

Saint Philomena (fīl-ō-mē/'ná) one of the early martyrs.

Saint Sophia (sō-fī/'á) ch. Constantinople, now used as a mosque.

Saint Vincent de Paul (vān-sān/'de pōl) founder of "Sisters of Charity."

San Carlos (sān kār/'lōs) a mission, Cal.

San Diego (sān dě-ā/'gō) a city, Cal.

San Luis Obispo (sān lōo/'is ō-bis/'pō) a city, Cal.

San Rafael (sān rá-fēl') a town, Cal.

Sar'a-cen (sār-'á-sēn) a Mohammedan.

Sas'sa-nach (sās/'ē-nāk) Saxon.

Saxony (sāk/'sō-nī) prov., Ger.

Scol'y-tus (skōl/'ī-tūs) a kind of beetle.

Scone (skōn) a town, Scotland.

Scutari (skōō-tā/'rē) a town, Turkey.

Serra, Junipero (sēr'rā, jū-nīp/'ē-rō) Spanish missionary.

Shrove'tide (shrōv/'tīd) the days immediately before Ash Wednesday.

Sierra Nevada (sī-ēr-'á nē-vā/'dlá) mts. Cal.

Skald (skāld) a bard of the Northmen.

Skaw (skā) a promontory (Icelandic).

Skool (skōl) Hail I (Icelandic).

Solway (sōl/'wā) a river, Scotland.

Sparta (spār/'tá) a city, Greece.

Stony Point, a fort, N. Y., taken by Gen. Wayne, 1779.

Syn'dic (sīn/'dic) a magistrate.

Te Deum (tē dē/'ūm) an ancient and celebrated Christian hymn.

Teu'ton (tū/'tōn) a German tribe.

Thes-sa-lō-ni-an (thēs-sā-lō-nī-ān) an inhabitant of Thessalonica.

Thor (thōr) god of thunder, myth.

Thrym (thrīm) the king of frost giants.

Thuringia (thū-rīn/'jī-ā) a prov., Ger.

Tiber (tī/'bēr) a river, Italy.

Tim'o-thy (tīm/'ō-thy) a colleague of St. Paul.

Tu'bal Cain (tu'b'l cān) a teacher of workers in iron and brass, Gen. iv, 22.

Tur'pin (tūr/'pīn) a celebrated archbishop.

Tyr (tēr) god of courage, myth.

Tyrol (tūr/'ōl) a prov., Austria.

Uhland (ūw'lānt) Ger. poet, 1787-1862.

Utrecht (ū'trēkt) a city, Holland.

Val-hal la (vāl-hāl/'lá) the "hall of the slain."

Vat'i-can (vāt/'i-kān) the papal palace.

Verger (vār-hār') an associate of Serra.

Vizcaino (vēth-kā-'ē-nō) an early Spanish explorer.

Welsh (wēlch) inhabitants of Wales.

Wenceslaus (wēn/'cēs-lōs) king of Bohemia, 1361-1419.

Westmal (wēst/māl) Belgium.

Wren, Jenny (rēn) a popular name given to a wren.

Ygg'dra-sil (Ig'drā-sīl) the tree which supported the universe, myth.

Yule (yool) the name of a winter month, now Dec. or Jan.

Yuletide (yool/'tīd) the time of Yule.

Zuyder Zee' (zī-dēr zē') a gulf, Netherlands.

āle, senāte, chāre, ūm, āccount, ūrm, āsk, sofā; ēve, ēvent, ēnd, rec'nt, mak'ē; īce, īll; ōld, ōbey, ōrb, ōft, cōnnect; ūse, ōnite, ūrn, ūp, cīrcūs, menū; fōol, fōot; out, oil; īnk; then, thīn; nātūre, verd











